THE
NATION

NOVEMBER 28, 1959 . . 25c

BIG STEEL'S BLUNDER

Tough Talk Enrages the Union

B. J. Widick

PESTICIDES: the REAL PERIL

Robert L. Rudd

CAMPUS REBELS FIND A CAUSE

by Allan Brick

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LETTERS

More Comment on 'The Shame of New York'

Dear Sirs: "The Shame of New York" is timely and constructive, and I hope it is receiving the wide attention it deserves.

JOHN H. RAY, M. C.
(15th District, New York)

Washington, D.C.

Dear Sirs: I have read with care "The Shame of New York." The article is an extremely valuable addition to the growing list of analyses of the colossal problems facing New Yorkers. It is good reporting and courageous reporting. It should also do much to point out to the citizens of New York City the importance of fusion in 1961.

I was particularly interested in the facts on Title I which, of course, is a subject in which there is a substantial federal interest.

JOHN V. LINDSAY, M.C.
(17th District, New York)

Washington, D.C.

Dear Sirs: Having read Mr. Norman Redlich's letter on "The Shame of New York" in your November 21 issue, I am moved to write in hope that I can do just a little to break or brake the worship of Robert Moses. I am sick to the point of throwing up every time I hear someone talk about what Moses has done for our city. Has no one ever thought of what he has done *to* our city?

To illustrate what I am talking about, let's forget Title I. Just go look at Union Square, Bryant and Battery parks. Nice clean parks. Nice straight paths. Nice clean lines of benches. Nice hexagonal blocks of walks. Nice fences around the grass, and nice (undernourished) trees.

To hell with Moses. It is about time he retired. He has taken all the charm and character out of everything he has touched. I go to a park to forget for a few minutes that I am in a city. I don't enter a park so that the path will lead me out on the other side. . . .

Moses doesn't give a damn about people; he loves nice symmetrical parks and nice housing developments without people: just bricks, concrete and Kleenex.

ROBERT WILBUR

New York City

Dear Sirs: Cook and Gleason are to be congratulated. At least once in every generation the political arteries of New York become so clogged and encrusted with deposits of corruption that they threaten the existence of the city. I was aware of the large number of cases during the present administration which had brought it to public attention that all is not well in New York, but like many others, I have thought the Mayor would act to correct abuses as they were disclosed. Cook and Gleason have laid out a fine agenda for any group prepared to act in the public interest, and every student of city politics will benefit by their work.

PAUL TILLETT
Political Science Dept.
Rutgers University

New Brunswick, N. J.

Supporting Civil Liberties

Dear Sirs: The Bill of Rights Fund, which marked its fifth anniversary early this month, has already made grants totaling more than $100,000 to approximately 150 individuals defending their civil liberties in the courts. The grants cover practically the whole scope of civil liberties, including cases arising under the First Amendment, the Fifth Amendment, the Smith Act, state sedition laws, the McCarran-Walter Act, the right to travel, and the principles of academic and religious freedom.

Dr. Corliss Lamont, chairman, points out that "the fund is the only organization in the United States whose sole function is to raise and dispense money on behalf of individuals and organizations fighting for the freedoms guaranteed under the Constitution. In spite of some improvement over the past few years, the struggle to protect our precious Bill of Rights remains critical."

Contributions to the fund should be sent to Dr. Lamont at 450 Riverside Drive, New York 27, N.Y. Those who give $100 or more will be Sustaining Contributors; $25 or more, Supporting Contributors; $1 or more, Associate Contributors.

(MRS.) ELEANOR PIEL
Secretary, Bill of Rights Fund

New York City

Drama for Peace

Dear Sirs: Knowing that your readers are especially concerned about finding alternatives to violence as a means of solving the world's problems, I feel that those living in the New York City area would like to know that the American Friends Service Committee is sponsoring a "DocuDrama" called *Which Way the Wind*. Kenneth Tynan of *The New Yorker* has said of the message implicit in this presentation: "Nobody who is seriously concerned about the future of our troubled planet can afford to miss it."

The drama, in the style of the "living newspaper," will be presented at International House on Riverside Drive, Manhattan, on Friday, Nov. 27; at Garden City, L.I., on Saturday, Nov. 28; and in Ridgewood, N.J., on Sunday, Nov. 29. Three artists from Actors Equity appear in the show, and the narration is by Albert Bigelow, the stalwart soul who twice tried to enter the Pacific H-bomb zone in his ship, the *Golden Rule*.

For further information, contact American Friends Service Committee, at 237 Third Avenue, in New York City.

ROBERT GILMORE

New York City

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 28, 1959
VOLUME 189, No. 18

THE NATION

EDITORIALS

Charm School

Discussing the "swing around the circle" of Presidential aspirants, Arthur Krock recalls the national tour of a politician who already was President: the unfortunate Andrew Johnson. Seeking popular support for a relatively conciliatory policy toward the defeated South, Johnson found himself violently assaulted by the militant Republicans who planted "brutal hecklers" in his audiences, launched a whispering campaign which portrayed him as a chronic drunkard, and finally got him impeached. Lincoln, of course, fared no better while he was alive. No one will want to bring back those days of habitual political scurrility and slander, but the sweetness and light which bathes Messrs. Kennedy, Humphrey, Symington, Johnson, Rockefeller and Nixon is scarcely more in the country's interest. Politics is a serious business, and a little acrimony is not only natural but necessary; with all this good fellowship, the issues are practically ignored while the candidates exhibit their bewitching personalities and polished manners in public. This puts the whole democratic process in question. One would think the United States was a nation without troubles and without problems. Actually it is a country subsisting on an armament economy, with all its international and economic perils, a country unprepared for the coming inroads of automation on employment (of which the steel strike is only a premonitory symptom), a country in which the railroad system is falling apart, in which the output of teachers and physicians is grossly inadequate, and a country which, having turned its back on the sterilities of the Dulles foreign policy, has scarcely made a beginning in the formulation of a new one.

The tide of events runs swiftly and none of these problems can be long postponed. True, Mr. Humphrey does try to deal seriously with serious issues, but with such caution and lack of color that he fails to get the attention his ideas deserve. But on the whole, no one has said a harsh word for months, and when issues are mentioned at all they are usually straddled. Mr. Rockefeller once suggested vaguely that we might have to change our China policy sometime, but this year he defends the implacable Dulles-Eisenhower stand for non-recognition. He admits that "the revolution of our times would persist even if communism were to die," but, next to Senator Symington, he is the most warlike of the candidates—in a well-bred way, of course. All the candidates rely on personal charm and political caution, when what the country needs are some hard thinking, a willingness to face unpleasant facts, and a few verbal brickbats now and then.

Technological Disarmament

The able military analyst of the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*, Brig. Gen. Thomas R. Phillips, U.S.A (Ret.), gives an example of the "ballooning cost" of new weapons. The weapon he cites is the bomber, which happily combines inflation with obsolescence. The B-52 costs about $8 million each. The faster B-58 costs about $15 million apiece. The still faster — 2,000 miles per hour, it is hoped — B-70 will cost $50-60 million apiece when it is ready to fly three or four years hence. With the Soviets manufacturing ICBMs en masse, the B-70 (even if it comes up to expectations) is a gigantic boondoggle for the benefit of the aviation industry and the bomber-minded air generals who won their ribbons and grades in the war which ended fifteen years ago.

Yet this cloud has its silver lining. With military inflation galloping along at this pace, something has to give, and it is becoming clear where the soft spot is. The President and his fiscal advisers insist on holding down the military budget to around $41 billion. With three hungry services, each fighting for its share, this isn't enough today and will be still more inadequate tomorrow. The dollar drain is becoming serious; our military-assistance program abroad is being carefully scrutinized on a "Buy American" basis. Add to these two factors a third: the Army, weakest of the three services from a political standpoint, is spending a great deal of money for its troops abroad and their dependents. There has been recurrent talk of pulling back one or two divisions. The screams of Dr. Adenauer and the

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NATO allies have so far been effective, but there is every indication that a change is in prospect.

How tough things are is shown by the fact that even the Air Force will have to pull in its belt. Gen. Thomas D. White, the Air Force chief of staff, told the NATO Parliamentarians Conference that the build-up of the U.S. long-range missile inventory will have "significant impact" on manned aircraft forces and specifically on location of combat forces. The United States is developing weapons, said General White, which "more and more are compressing time, distance and destruction into relatively compact and readily directed packages." In other words, we can dismantle some of our manned aircraft based abroad. Thus Mr. Khrushchev and General White are in partial agreement. Mr. Khrushchev would have us give up all our bases in Europe; General White is foreshadowing the elimination of those which advancing technology has rendered dispensable. Evolving technology enforces a limited disarmament which is balanced by the greater destructiveness of the surviving weapons. If discernment and reason can progress only half as fast as military technology, general instead of selective disarmament will have a chance.

The Resurgence of West Germany

As the emphasis of American militarism shifts, the balance of power in Europe shifts also, in a direction favorable to our German ally. Dr. Adenauer may clamor when a withdrawal of American divisions is mentioned, but he will also see advantages to Germany in such a reduction. Sometime in 1960, West Germany will have fifteen *Bundeswehr* divisions in being, and these will constitute the core of NATO ground strength. Dr. Adenauer's Defense Minister, Franz Josef Strauss, remarked in a speech to senior *Bundeswehr* officers that the West German army is destined to play an increasingly important political role in NATO. No realist will deny it.

German strength and influence are increasing in another direction as well. Research is the handmaiden of military technology, and the Germans excel in research. After all, who evolved the guided missile, who supplied a large part of the brains of the American missile center at Huntsville, Alabama? Why should Dr. Werner von Braun and his colleagues work in an alien environment for people who, they have indicated more than once, are not fully appreciative of their efforts? There may be a migration in reverse one of these days. In the name of containing communism, a Germany which was Fascist not so long ago, and could be again, is steadily acquiring the means of imposing its will on Europe. If it is to be stopped, it will have to be within the next year or so; in five years it will be too late. The German military machine gathers momentum fast and for it, happy days are here again.

Provocation in Poplarville

At least the Mississippi grand jury which refused to indict in the Mack Parker lynching case cannot be accused of hypocrisy. Disdaining the usual Deep South procedures in such cases — an indictment followed by a farce in the guise of a trial followed by an acquittal — these jurors refused not only to indict, but even to call witnesses or to hear testimony gathered by the FBI. No doubt this species of arrogance sat well in the shady corners of Poplarville, and in other dark recesses of the unregenerate South, but it also constituted a provocation to the forces of law and order in this country which could not be overlooked. The Department of Justice, which had originally stayed out of the case in tender regard for states' rights, is now back into it again: FBI agents and the evidence they have collected will have their day before a federal grand jury, and whether or not Mack Parker's murder is avenged, at least the evidence against his murderers will be spread upon the record. Furthermore, Attorney General William P. Rogers, incensed at what he termed the "travesty on justice" which occurred in Poplarville, has announced that he is considering recommendation to Congress of a new criminal statute that would permit the federal government to move in "more strongly" when states refuse to act on crimes in which a racial element is involved.

It would appear that the Mississippi grand jurors have done more damage to the segregationist cause than anything since Governor Faubus' Guardsmen leveled bayonets at a handful of Negro children in front of Central High School.

Speeding Up the Geological Clock

Poplarville is not the only battleground which the Confederacy has lost in recent weeks. In Memphis, Tennessee, the Department of Justice has asked a federal court to declare illegal, and to forbid repetition, of an "all-white" primary held in nearby Fayette County last August. This is the fourth suit the department has filed under the 1957 Civil Rights Act, which empowered the federal government to initiate suits to enforce voting rights denied because of race.

A government victory on this field, of course, would very nearly mean the end of the war for the Deep South. For without a "white" primary and a "white" election, the White Supremacists would lose the one supremacy which they cannot afford to lose — that at the ballot box. Robin M. Williams, chairman of the Department of Sociology and Anthropology at Cornell University, recently commented that "integration is proceeding with the deliberate speed of a geological process." Thanks to Poplarville, and perhaps also to the imminence of an election year, things seem to be speeding up.

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The Paper Curtain

Add another curtain to the iron and bamboo varieties: the paper curtain that has been lowered in this country against any plain speech or clear thinking on the subject of Soviet-American trade. For example, the press largely ignored the recent conference on "The Terms and Procedures of East-West Trade" called by the American Management Association (held in New York, November 12-13). Of special interest was the blunt speech of Stefan Jean Rundt, of S. J. Rundt & Associates, who served for some years as an Intelligence officer.

Mr. Rundt's major argument was that while we continue to talk in "hushed voices" about Soviet-American trade, our closest allies are walking off with the first fat trade prizes. And these allies, not the Soviets, are our keenest commercial competitors on world markets. By the end of 1959, West Germany will have sold to the Sino-Soviet bloc goods valued in excess of $900 million per annum. These goods include such truly soft items as brassieres, as well as seamless pipe up to forty-inch diameter (which Pittsburgh steelmakers were not permitted to ship). "In fact," to quote Mr. Rundt, "while we were sweating out the last Berlin crisis in Geneva, West Germany granted East Germany a 21 million mark trade credit — although Bonn does not recognize Pankow diplomatically. At the same time, West Berlin banks were advertising for Red China business."

Not that American businessmen fail to see the opportunities; many of them are exploiting these opportunities with great skill and diligence through foreign subsidiaries in Europe and Japan, while their less-favored domestic rivals — those without subsidiaries — are handcuffed by the pretense that a boycott on East-West trade is still in effect. To be sure, there are difficulties in Soviet-American trade; Harold Berman, one of the participants at the conference, outlined them in much the same terms he used in a recent article in *The Nation* ("The Dilemma of Soviet Trade," October 24, 1959).

But the difficulties are not nearly as formidable as they have been made to appear. For example, Harvey Williams, president of Philco International Corporation, quoting from a Reuter's dispatch, called attention to the fact that Moscow is getting all the credit it wants in Europe and that its credit standing with European insurance companies is particularly high. Democratic and Republican Presidential hopefuls should ponder Mr. Williams' remark: "To any executive interested in expanding overseas sales — and who isn't? — these are fundamental points." And so they are. Despite the paper curtain, these same points will soon gain the same wide attention in Midwest and East Coast business circles that they have been receiving on the West Coast in increasing measure for the last three or four years. The ice that has blocked East-West trade is beginning to break up.

TOUGH TALK ENRAGES THE UNION

BIG STEEL'S BLUNDER . . *by B. J. Widick*

Pittsburgh

NOTHING quite prepares the visitor for the surprises that confront him in Pittsburgh, the center of the steel industry. In the popular mind, this city is a factory town — a phantasmagoria of coal and iron, dirt and smoke and tall chimneys. But the changes that have taken place here since World War II are almost incredible. Dozens of new skyscrapers, expressways and parkways, new bridges spanning the Monongahela and Allegheny rivers — all are symbols of the undeniable material progress which has taken place in this Ruhr of America.

Added to the physical changes are the higher standards and increased facilities of the University of Pittsburgh and Carnegie Tech, along with a great expansion of cultural activities (for example, sponsorship by the Steelworkers Union of symphony concerts), all of which lends weight to the claim that the city is truly in a period of renaissance.

Pittsburgh also gained fame for a new kind of labor-management relationship reflected in the fact that for years management and the Steelworkers spoke only of their mutual "trusteeship" over the steel industry. But the 116-day steel strike, now suspended by President Eisenhower under the injunction-provisions of the Taft-Hartley law, has shattered the concept of friendly coexistence between Big Steel and the union and refocuses the image of renascent Pittsburgh in a less optimistic light.

Why did the steel strike occur? What are the implications of this labor conflict, which everyone agrees is the most significant since the formation of the CIO and the sitdown strikes of the thirties? I sought answers to these and other questions from knowledgeable union people and from specialists in the universities who have been observing the steel industry for many years.

The difficulty of getting an accurate picture of what has been go-

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B. J. WIDICK, who has written extensively on labor problems, is co-author, with Irving Howe, of The U.A.W. and Walter Reuther.

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ing on is illustrated by two items that appeared in the local press the day I arrived here. One item said: "United Steelworkers Local 1779 will distribute union-purchased food tomorrow to employees of Pittsburgh Forgings Company from 10 A.M. to 2 P.M. at the Sons of Italy Hall at Coraopolis." This evoked a picture of tired, discouraged and embittered Steelworkers near the end of their rope at the conclusion of 116 payless days. But the afternoon papers carried a story which said: "Pittsburgh district Steelworkers, displaying a remarkable attitude, are swamping the Allegheny County Board of Assistance with requests to cancel applications for state financial assistance."

Only after one talks to the Steelworkers, and senses their pride and determination, can one begin to understand the contradiction suggested by the two news items. What is new and different in this steel crisis, and what has been largely overlooked by journalists, is that R. Conrad Cooper, the top negotiator for the steel industry, and President Eisenhower did something for the Steelworkers Union which its president, David J. McDonald, and his cohorts were never able to do — that is, to transform a confused, anxiety-ridden union, in which there existed a gap between the ranks and its leaders, into a solid force of unionism. That this should happen reveals the gross miscalculation of the steel-industry strategists; and there is evidence, now that the plants are operating again under injunction, that they are giving some second thoughts to their whole strategy.

Talking to plant-level unionists a few days after they returned to work, I was unable to detect any defeatism or any worry over the ultimate outcome of the steel crisis. I was told again and again of the random, unrehearsed interviews which a local TV commentator held with Steelworkers returning to their jobs. The attitude of the Steelworkers was expressed repeatedly in this fashion: "We know we just about had the companies licked, and that is why they got Eisenhower to put in the injunction. We will work, but we will be ready to go out again eighty days from now unless we get a good contract."

Last April, when the preliminary steel negotiations began, management offered the Steelworkers an extension of the existing contract for one year. The union, in turn, threw into the hopper a whole series of demands; and union officials, as well as the rank and file, were confident that a compromise — normal in collective bargaining — would be worked out. The union never expected it would have to strike, and it was almost totally unprepared psychologically when the industry negotiators, hardening their stand, advanced more and more counterproposals which would actually have turned the clock back for the union had they been accepted.

THAT IS why the first month of the strike was marked by hesitation and confusion on the union side of the bargaining table, and even more so among the ranks. Unionists admit privately that at that stage the Steelworkers Union was in a very precarious position. Two factors, however, served to solidify the workers and to revive their flagging spirits. The first was the revelation of the impersonal, almost cold-blooded, attitude of the top negotiator for the industry, R. Conrad Cooper. At one point during the summer negotiations, President McDonald of the Steelworkers suggested at the beginning of a session that they talk about pensions, whereupon Cooper replied, "Let's talk about potatoes." Pensions mean a great deal to production workers whose average age, in 1957, was forty-two, especially as more than half of these workers have more than ten years of service with the same company. When the story of this incident permeated to the ranks, there was a noticeable stiffening of attitudes among the strikers.

At another bargaining session, Cooper began the company statement with the blunt remark, "Unless you change your attitude, Dave, we are going to destroy you." McDonald replied heatedly for an hour and a half — in language quite unlike that which he uses on TV. The session ended on that angry note. The next day, Cooper told McDonald, "Dave, we are shocked by some of the things you said to us yesterday." McDonald replied, "You're shocked? How do you think we felt?" Whereupon Cooper explained, "Dave, I wasn't talking about destroying you personally. I was talking about destroying the union." Could Cooper have been so obtuse as not to realize how the union would react to such a statement? Yet he made it, and in the making he shocked the Steelworkers into the belief that management was out to destroy the union. The fight had now become a matter of attitudes, an issue — for the union — of survival.

The second factor which solidified the union was the obduracy of management in their demand that work rules be changed. At all levels of the union, I was told quite candidly "Of course, this is what saved us. The men in the shop might be confused on the problem of inflation and costs, and they couldn't get too excited about this or that fringe benefit, but when the companies talked about taking away work practices which had been agreed to and negotiated over the years, this was something that even a man who had never been in the union hall for twenty years could understand. This is what unified our ranks."

I CHECKED this viewpoint with other important sources, including Don G. Rarick, the leader of the rank-and-file dues rebellion, who got an astonishingly large vote when he ran against McDonald for the presidency two years ago. Rarick not only confirmed the importance of the work-rule issue but, interestingly enough, in my ninety-minute talk with him, he uttered not one word of criticism of his erstwhile opponent, McDonald. It should be recalled that only a year ago, McDonald was threatening to expel Rarick, and other leaders of the opposition, from the union.

Given the importance attached by both sides to the matter of fundamental attitudes and the problem of working conditions, it was a foregone conclusion that the efforts of Joseph F. Finnegan, Director of the Federal Mediation and Conciliation Service,

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would prove fruitless. The story is told here that whenever a mediator came into the negotiating room, both sides would put on a professional air and repeat the kind of arguments that everyone read *ad nauseum* in the press. As soon as the mediator left, "We got back to studied insults of one another."

IN THIS context, the invocation of the Taft-Hartley procedures by President Eisenhower was considered inevitable. The union hoped in vain that Dr. George W. Taylor and his special board of inquiry might be able to make some change in the situation. The union likewise hoped in vain that the Kaiser formula for settlement might break the log jam. Unquestionably the Steelworkers gained a tactical advantage when Edgar Kaiser broke the united front of the steel industry and thus tacitly disproved persistent corporation claims that the union demands were too costly for management. The Kaiser settlement—it amounts to 22½c an hour over a two-year period, with the appointment of a joint committee to study problems resulting from automation, technological change and local working conditions—is now considered by the union as its "rock-bottom" demand.

The dispute on work rules was complicated by the fact that so little attention was paid to a ruling at late stages of negotiation, by the chief arbitrator of disputes at U.S. Steel. On October 7, Sylvester Garrett, impartial chairman of the arbitration board under the expired contract between the company and the Steelworkers, made a significant decision in which he emphasized that "the stability in local work rules often benefits steel management as well as workers." Mr. Garrett made his ruling in passing on a series of union grievances over cuts in manpower assignments at the giant Fairless works in Morrisville, Pennsylvania. The arbitrator declared: "The parties' heavy reliance upon local arrangements and practices over the years suggests that the nature of their collective-bargaining relations requires reasonable local flexibility dealing with essentially local problems. . . . It isn't easy to deal adequately and in detail with all such

matters in a single master agreement."

The essence of the controversial Section 2-b of the contracts—the section dealing with work rules—is that management must justify rule changes and that the union has the right to protest via grievances any changes they consider unwarranted. The industry negotiators are now demanding that the section be modified so that the union gives up the right to apply the grievance procedure to rule changes; or, more precisely, that the union accept all changes "in the interest of efficiency"—the final judge of what constitutes "efficiency" to be management itself.

It has been largely forgotten in the pyrotechnics of public debate that Section 2, a part of the steel contract since 1947, was reviewed by the Wage Stabilization Board in 1952, which found no evidence that the clause was a block to the promotion of efficiency by management, a claim which management is now advancing.

If the steel industry remains rigid in demanding changes in the work rules—and the changes are part of management's last offer, on which the Steelworkers will have to vote some time between January 6 and 21—there is no question in the minds of union officials that no settlement is possible. Secretary of Labor Mitchell's report, issued on August 15, entitled "Background Statistics Bearing on the Steel Dispute," gave the Steelworkers much material for buttressing their public case and helped to alert their leaders and to solidify their ranks.

The steel industry alleges, for example, that its workers are the highest paid per hour in all manufacturing. This the Mitchell report verifies, but it also brings out the fact that the basic steel industry average gross pay fell from $5,350 annually in the prosperous year 1957 to $4,840 in 1958; and, perhaps even more significantly, it points out that over 40 per cent of the Steelworkers earned less than $4,800 in 1958—below the minimum income set by the Bureau of Labor Statistics for an urban, four-person family.

The Mitchell report, and an independent study which has been made of the Kefauver subcommittee hearings on administered prices in steel, shed some light on the complicated economic factors involved. Operating at 87 per cent of capacity for the first six months of 1959, the steel companies' margin of profit for the period was so great that a 15 cent *increase* in real employment costs, combined with a *price reduction* of about $7 a ton, would still have left net profits after taxes at the level of the all-time record steel-profit year of 1957. Surely the nation as a whole is entitled to learn whether this conclusion would stand up under the close scrutiny of a fact-finding board.

THERE IS another area in which steel-industry officials are now taking a second look at their earlier plans. This concerns their "crusade against inflation" and its relation to the "escalator" clause of the Steelworkers' contract, under which workers are entitled to wage increases to make up for changes in the cost of living. But today, steel-industry officials may have learned that while the price of steel is an important factor in determining national price levels, it is not exclusively or necessarily decisive. Under their last contract, the strikers now back on the

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job would be entitled to a 3c per hour cost-of-living increase the first week of January, based on a rise in the Bureau of Labor Statistics living-cost index. At a time when no steel was produced and no steel prices were raised, the cost of living went up! Here is another reason why the Steelworkers are bound to turn down the steel industry's latest settlement offer.

When Federal District Judge Herbert P. Sorg issued the injunction which sent the workers back to the steel plants, he ruled that the expired contract should remain in effect, but held in abeyance the operation of the so-called "escalator" clause. Whether the Steelworkers will actually get the 3 cents an hour due them in the first pay period of January will be a matter of judicial determination. If Sorg rules that the Steelworkers should get the increase, it will be a serious blow to the steel industry, which is demanding the clause be removed from any new contract. The dropping of the clause would mean, in effect, that the Steelworkers would be asked to accept a 3-cent cut some time in January after having received a 3-cent increase the first week. No one expects them to do that. And that is why the top union leaders are very confident that in this case, as in most cases where Taft-Hartley injunctions have been issued, the union rank and file will turn down the last company proposals.

AT THIS point it would seem that any reasonable man must conclude that both the economic and work-rule issues are resolvable by collective bargaining, and yet developments have proved otherwise. There is only pessimism here over the outcome of the steel crisis, and many strong indications that the strike will be renewed, at the end of eighty days, with the willing support of the overwhelming majority of the Steelworkers.

In the end, I foresee victory for neither the union nor management, but rather a face-saving formula which would add up to a draw. New pressures are arising on the national scene which seem to make this outcome likely.

A few days ago, Secretary Mitchell accused both management and labor of indulging in an orgy of name-calling. "The class war is over," he said, "but too often the rhetoric lingers on." In the steel dispute, both sides took their rhetoric seriously, and this is not the least of the problems involved in reaching a settlement. In addition, the use of the Taft-Hartley injunction has aroused large sections of the labor movement, including the rank and file. At the recent Industrial Union Department Conference of the AFL-CIO, labor leaders like Emil Mazey and Walter Reuther of the United Auto Workers harshly attacked the Eisenhower Administration and steel management. The relative complacency shown by the AFL-CIO at its annual convention has been replaced by a genuine concern by all labor leaders over the outcome of the decisive steel struggle. The word "injunction" is a dirty word in the labor movement and its use can arouse passions far greater even than those aroused by the Landrum-Griffin bill. Labor leaders privately feel that on this issue they can ignite the union rank and file as they were never able to do on the labor bill, but as they could and did do to defeat right-to-work laws in six important industrial states.

WITHIN a month, the country faces a maritime strike, while—most important of all—the railroad brotherhoods and the big carriers seem to be racing at express speed toward a strike showdown by February. This will involve a million railroad workers and another basic industry. Steam is building up within the labor movement to a point reminiscent of the violent 1930s.

There is much talk about the pressure the Administration is going to put on both sides, and particularly on the labor movement, for settling the steel conflict without another walkout. But what is often overlooked is that, with a Presidential election year coming up, there is increasing pressure on the Administration not to present the Republican Party to the American public as an outright advocate of Big Business. This is a charge the labor movement is making with increasing frequency and effectiveness among its 18 million members. It is significant that a man as loquacious on all questions as Richard Nixon has found it expedient to remain silent on the steel crisis.

George Meany's recent letter to the President, suggesting a top labor-management meeting to calm down increasing class tensions, reflects the enormous political and economic pressures which are building up in this country.

ALTHOUGH there has been much speculation in newspapers about what Congress will do if there is another steel strike—including suggestions for compulsory arbitration, an increase of Presidential powers in labor disputes and other gimmicks—many observers forget that Senators and Congressmen may well prefer to avoid this hot potato in an election year. It is quite often overlooked that the Landrum-Griffin bill was largely sold to the American public as a means of "protecting" the ordinary working man from exploitation by his "labor bosses." It would be quite another matter to win public support for any measure that smacks of "strikebreaking," or which would weaken labor's power to protect the working man where he needs it most—in the plant where he spends most of his working hours.

Moreover, it is traditional with the steel industry to oppose "third party" intervention or settlements imposed from without, especially since the industry has made a fetish of so-called "management prerogatives." Legislation changing the character of free collective bargaining which would establish government as the deciding force in labor disputes would scarcely be welcomed by the steel barons.

Time and time again, in conversations with labor-relations experts, union leaders, political scientists, I asked: "What will be the outcome of the steel crisis?" Not one even attempted to answer. "We don't know," was the only reply I got. "You tell us." The truth is that the crisis in labor relations in this country has turned into a political crisis whose ramifications and implications will unfold in 1960 with far greater stresses and strains on our society than anyone could have foreseen a year ago.

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CAMPUS REBELS FIND A CAUSE . . *by Allan Brick*

Hanover, N. H.

"THE STUDENT is ready to be challenged," concluded Edward D. Eddy, Jr., in his discussion of the "tension" which exists beneath the "apathy" of today's college student ("Tension Beneath Apathy," *The Nation,* May 16, 1959). But the question remains: challenged with what?

A few weeks ago, Frederick L. Moore, Jr., a University of California freshman, went on a hunger strike to protest against compulsory ROTC on the campus. His stand was supported by a petition signed by more than a thousand fellow students.

On October 30, a student-conducted poll at a sister university, the University of California at Los Angeles, revealed a similar tremendous opposition to compulsory ROTC; 70 per cent of 1,189 students polled demanded that it be abolished. [For a general critique of ROTC as presently administered, see "ROTC: Failure of a Mission," by Gene M. Lyons, *The Nation,* Oct. 24.]

Early this month, upperclassmen at Norwich University in Vermont, the country's oldest private military college, protested in various ways against general "militarism" on the campus and against alleged "gagging" of faculty members and censorship of the student newspaper.

The very month, last spring, when *The Nation* published the views of Dr. Eddy and others on the problem of campus apathy, a group of Dartmouth College students were bringing to a climax a term-long controversy about pacifist approaches to world conflicts and the problem of military conscription. Such an outbreak seemed particularly strange in a college which long had been unable to sustain any undergraduate organization devoted to political or social action—not even an active Young Republican Club, much less a chapter of A.D.A.

The Dartmouth activists had joined informally to plan a sign-carrying protest against an ROTC parade on the college "green." The plan was carried out despite (possibly because of) efforts by a few faculty members to divert the enthusiasts, news that local police had been alerted and the Navy drill team deputized to arrest demonstrators, and rumors that an ROTC officer had ordered his cadets to march over any obstructionists.

The protest was executed with dignity by two dozen nervous but eager pickets who, holding their signs high for news photographers, sat quietly beside the temporary parade ground.

Two days after the demonstration, pacifist A. J. Muste addressed a meeting sponsored by the Dartmouth Human Rights Society, a new student-faculty organization devoted to civil liberties and anti-militarism, to which most of the student protesters belonged. Three hundred students heard Muste speak about the ineffectiveness and immorality of the nation's policy of nuclear deterrents. The normal tension of the issue was heightened by the presence in the hall of a band of ROTC cadets who, having begun with heckling in retaliation for the demonstration against their parade, stayed to participate in the discussion following the speech. Two hours after the formal program had ended, some sixty students still remained—in the hall and outside on steps and sidewalk—carrying on the debate in small groups.

PROTESTS similar to that at Dartmouth are lancing through many of the nation's campuses. There is in no sense a mass movement; the normal student is solidly unconcerned with the awakening few. But campus intellectuals are involved, and natural student activists, desperate in the opinion vacuums of today's campuses, are looking to the anti-war movement as the only thing "going on."

Last spring a "Student Peace Center" at the University of Wisconsin completed its year's activities by holding an "Anti-Military Ball" the night after the campus' annual Military Ball. Attended by some two hundred students, the ball was titled "The Street Where You Lived, or Dig You Later, Atom Crater," and included a skit, "To Boom or Not to Boom: Hamlet in the Twentieth Century." Also at Wisconsin, this year saw intense student agitation for the elimination of compulsory ROTC. Students—largely non-pacifists who had had ROTC—testified before both houses of the Wisconsin state legislature, receiving favorable hearings from the Democrat-dominated Assembly and rude treatment from the Senate. (The latter body probably will stop a bill which, backed by the student senate, would make military training voluntary on the university campus.) Nor is the Wisconsin faculty lethargic. Several faculty members, at present failing in efforts to have the university introduce a regular course of instruction in non-violent approaches to international problems, were planning to offer their own course in nonviolence at a student religious center this fall.

In the Midwest, the Student Peace Union, which includes student pacifist leaders from fourteen campuses, co-ordinates anti-war activities. Sparked by Ken Calkins, young peace secretary of the Friends Service Committee in Chicago, the S.P.U. members devote themselves to energetic outdoor soapboxing on urban campuses. The most successful actions have occurred at Northwestern University, where, despite the intervention of Evanston police, pacifist speakers have attracted tolerant audiences ranging between fifty and one hundred students for the two-and-one-half-hour sessions of oratory and circularizing. An audience comment at Northwestern: "This is a great idea; it's the first exciting thing that's happened on this campus in years. I wonder how long they'll let you get away with it."

In Northern California, a student pacifist movement is taking form under the leadership of Robert Pickus, formerly of the Friends Service Committee and now director of Acts for Peace. Begun a year ago in the wake of West Coast excitement following the attempt of the *Golden*

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Rule to enter the H-test area, Acts for Peace this year devoted itself to week-long projects on seven major campuses. Outdoor forums, evening discussion groups and student-faculty opinion polls focused on the question "Should students challenge or support our country's military response to the problem posed by Communist totalitarianism?" The activities received full coverage by campus newspapers.

A large part of the success of the California efforts resulted from fearless participation in the forums by faculty members with vigorously diverse views on militarism. The participation of teachers—many of them young and without tenure—cut into the widespread student belief that roads to business and professional life are closed to anyone who speaks out or belongs to unusual organizations. The student newspaper of Chico State College followed a column of quotations from faculty speakers at an Acts for Peace forum with a comment on student response:

> Those instructors who have said that the present students are not living up to the student tradition of being the radical and outspoken group in society should be encouraged by the response to the forum. Approximately 450 students responded by stopping for periods ranging from two minutes to two and a half hours to listen to the discussion. . . .
>
> [The speakers] agreed on only one thing, that there is too much emphasis being placed on the military in our foreign policy. Whether or not one agrees with this view, he must concede that these "podium pounders," as they have been called, are breaking the wall of silence that has caused today's students to be called the "silent generation."

ON CAMPUSES today, the few nonconformists are surprised and the large majority of conformists are becoming rather shocked to discover that an issue and opportunities for action are at hand. Judging from these responses, one might conclude that the problem of student apathy exists largely because the student's mind has been insulated against the central question of modern life: What is the responsibility of the moral individual in the face of the immoral and de-individualizing demands of modern nations preparing for war?

Considering this question in religious terms, Norman Cousins has written: "Would the great religious leaders have preferred to die themselves rather than sanction the use of a weapon [the H-bomb] that brought the gift of life under total jeopardy? Specifically what would Christ do? If this question is irrelevant, then nothing in Christianity is relevant to the human situation today." And yet do campus religious leaders face the question or even admit its existence? Nowhere in *The Nation's* report on student apathy by William Sloane Coffin, Jr., chaplain of Yale University, is that question considered. The normal answer of campus chaplains and other religious leaders, when prompted to give platform to Cousin's view about the relevance of Christianity to politics, is that such a view has nothing to do with essential religion or that it must share emphasis with the opposing (militarist) position.

THUS THE American student finds a religion that counsels disengagement in the name of other-worldism or, while purporting to be grounded on an Absolute, teaches a "liberal" relativism. Theologian Karl Barth speculates as to whether Christian opposition to nuclear war "ought not to concretize itself in an active resistance (perhaps taking the shape of a direct invitation to rejection of military service)"; but the chaplain of Yale University speaks in abstractions about the need of the "whole man" for "commitment." Is it any wonder that the student cannot see the connections between real life and the precepts of campus preachers and teachers—who, after all, must live at peace with the campus military establishments?

The student now slouched doodling in his classroom chair will rise up with questions only as educators—administrators and instructors—begin to admit their failure to relate the assigned readings in Thoreau, Emerson, Whitehead and Dewey to his role as an individual citizen in the outside community. But, looming between the classroom and the world, Selective Service blocks out visions of a private career beginning at a foreseeable date—graduation. The student's fear of a horrific and purposeless two years spent in a James Jones barracks leads him to subordinate, in his undergraduate life, idealistic career goals to devices for stacking the best Army deals. Such cynical games further undermine his ability to connect visions of social service and personal sacrifice with actual college experiences. And the fact that he is not encouraged to think for himself about the reasons he must be trained for two years in military service makes him all the more indifferent to seeing himself as a citizen. "Know thyself!" becomes for today's student a meaningless exhortation. Passing through a college which supports ROTC as one of the primary experiences in student life, and which in many ways owes its livelihood to military favor, he is in no position objectively to scrutinize military service as probably the chief conditioner of modern man as social animal.

Nevertheless, after a decade of the campus cadet or the future Pfc. as the only possible images for American youth, young individualists appear. Tearing at the insulation, they are beginning to think for themselves about whether or not there is any direct military necessity for Selective Service, about whether or not that system is democratic or preferential according to economic class, and about whether or not military approaches and solutions are always beneficial for the nation and for the world.

ON MOST campuses one can hear discussion—can even attend colloquia—about student apathy and the absence of moral values from student minds. The discussions exist *in abstracto*. They result not in any upsurge of social awareness among students, but rather in a temporary interest for analyzing student apathy. Seldom does this buoyant new interest come down to precise issues. Sometimes touching on race relations and sometimes even on problems resulting from the fraternity system, the colloquists hardly ever deal with the root cause of student apathy: institutionalized neglect of the conflict between the private person and the social group; or, to be concrete,

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the conflict between the moral individual and the military state. If, as C. Wright Mills has said, professional clergymen largely have become chaplains who ease the Christian conscience into war, professional educators have become detached analysts who, in abstractly explaining student apathy and neglecting concrete issues, provide façades of activity which allow students to rationalize their own indifference.

But, paradoxically, the very acknowledgement of apathy and irresponsibility as student norms now gives rise to possibilities for individualism and social action in many colleges. For example, the image of Ivy League men as partying conformists actually preys upon the consciences of some Ivy League students, making them watchful for something they might commit themselves to. Such students may become, at least in spirit, beatniks who, with beards, guitars and varying amounts of sincerity, strike postures of revolt. Some go on to find positive affirmations to fill the shells they have adopted; in search of personal careers, they discover the practical and moral reasons for being responsible toward others. Realizing the need for world peace and freedom, and questioning the nation's role in perfecting weapons of mass destruction, they challenge the prescriptions of the church and the military establishment—the bulwarks of conformity in colleges.

There *is* "tension" in the student. See-no-evil hear-no-evil apathy often covers an inward hidden person who is plagued by the disparity between the responsible rebel his liberal arts and religious training call for and the nonchalant listener which is all society seems to allow.

Students *are* "ready to be challenged." But most of them cannot be challenged while teachers and ministers fail to admit, much less discuss, the ignominy of their nation's role in the nuclear-missiles race, even as they pretend that the treasured precepts of American moralism can relate their students to the modern world.

OUR EPHEMERAL CIVILIZATION . . *by David Cort*

EVERYBODY knows that much of the furniture of our civilization is designed to have a very brief life. Monumental as the sum appears at any moment, incredibly more momentous than the sum of any other civilization in history, the parts are individually ephemeral. Thus, the factories and skyscrapers, the automobiles and trucks, the roads themselves, the housing developments, the household appliances, the enormous factory machines and the kitchen pots, the plastic screwdrivers and the papers towels, all foreshadow their obsolescence or collapse and replacement. (All except churches and college campuses, perhaps.)

It will be proposed here, however, that we are even just a little more ephemeral than we are quite prepared to be.

For if there is one thing we are sure of, it is that we are leaving a full and permanent record of all our doings, experiments and conclusions. Many a library contains nearly 5,000,000 bound books, as well as masses of manuscripts, maps, photographs, art reproductions, microfilm, etc., beautifully indexed and ordered to exhibit to a researcher a thousand years from now every detail of our transient splendor and magnitude. Harvard's library, for example, has more than 5,000,000 volumes. Comparable mountains of paper are accumulating all across America. If a great writer, artist or scientist is ignored today, we can imagine that no great harm is done posterity, since he will be found intact in all the libraries. The high mortality of records—of the work of a Sappho, Menander, Aristophanes, Leonardo or Haydn—cannot, one thinks, happen here.

But wait a minute. A recent analysis of modern paper shows that the whole record of the past fifty years will have turned to indecipherable powder and tatters by the year 2000 A.D. The carefully ordered mountains of books and pictures will by then be useless moraines of sawdust. In the present way, our civilization's slide into oblivion will be more rapid and complete than that of the first *jongleurs*.

THE DETAILS of the approaching library disaster can be found in the April 24, 1959, *Science:* "Permanence in Book Papers," by W. J. Barrow and Reavis C. Sproull, both paper experts. Books, once the chief end of paper production, are now a 2 per cent factor as against newspapers, magazines, shopping bags, containers, towels, toilet tissue, wrapping paper, etc., which have a brief function. For years, paper technologists have hardly thought about permanence and have hardly ever seen a sheet of paper a hundred to a thousand years old. Ancient papers are only museum curios to the modern paper trade.

Certainly in 1906 the Library of Congress made every effort to produce a really lasting book when it published Thomas Jefferson's records of the Virginia Company of London on all-rag paper. Yet by 1928 the first volumes were falling apart, possibly "because of an excessive use of aluminum sulfate and rosin in the sizing." The bad air in cities, with its burden of sulphur dioxide, is often blamed for such deterioration. But according to Barrow and Sproull, this is a very minor factor and affects only the outer edge of the paper, if anything.

The ancient writing materials, papyrus, vellum and parchment, were very durable; and so were the early papers, introduced into Europe after the twelfth century. These were mildly alkaline or very slightly acid. Their durability is ascribed to the presence of calcium and magnesium

DAVID CORT'S latest book, Is There an American in the House?, *will be published soon by Macmillan.*

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compounds "introduced either during the bleaching of the rag with extract of wood ashes or through washing the rag with water containing bicarbonates of these elements."

THE first bad news for paper came when carbon inks were replaced by iron-gall inks which eat through the paper. Later additives in making paper were generally acid and destructive: first, potassium aluminum sulfate in the sizing in the seventeenth century; now alum-rosin sizing. These acid details are hardly worth repeating here; librarians can find them in the Barrow-Sproull report. Whether acid paper is cheaper, easier and more profitable to make, the authors do not say. They carefully describe the tests they made on all sorts of modern book papers, with the M.I.T. folder-endurance tester and the Elmendorf tear-resistance tester. All that need be repeated here is that they found conclusive evidence that virtually no book published after 1900, and not many just before that date, will be legible in, at the most fifty years. To quote them:

> It has been found that modern books—even those written with a serious or scholarly purpose ("non-fiction") and published ("to last!") in hard bindings—are deteriorating rapidly, and many of those issued twenty-five to fifty years ago are now almost unusable. The paper of an average American publication of the first decade of this century retains only 4 per cent of the folding endurance of a typical new book paper of today. . . . This typical new book paper itself shows low initial strength (for example, folding endurance on the order of only 20 per cent of book papers already 200 to 500 years old) as well as indications that it is subject to rapid deterioration.

On this evidence, the enormous printed wordage of the last two generations is less significant for posterity than the ripple pattern on an ocean beach. It is true that some haphazard and fractional reprinting, as in paperbacks, will give some works another brief gasp of life. Much recent science is already partially obsolete, and new textbooks will always follow one another, heel and toe. Somewhat as the *jongleurs'* works had a garbled word-of-mouth life, our writers will have a fragmentary survival in quotation. It would indeed be shaking to suppose that by about the year 2000 everyone who has used the printed word in this period, would be, in the literal sense of the word obsolete, "completely used up."

But not so fast. The authors of "Permanence in Book Papers" tell us at last that something can be saved, perhaps all. The way to redemption is to take apart the hundreds of millions of bound books in the libraries of record, soak the sheets overnight in a solution of calcium and magnesium bicarbonate (the formula is given), then rebind. A semi-skilled worker can do the bathing part at the rate of about 2,500 ordinary pages a day; the rest of the process is periodically necessary routine in any library.

The librarians will probably balk at this arduous and expensive imperative for some time. They can be allowed another ten years' delay for most books, though about then it will be too late for a good many of their modern treasures.

THIS MATTER of the ephemeral books must hold for us a much wider, or classic, significance than that of a fortuitous, and corrigible, error in the modern manufacture of book papers.

"Ephemeralization" is in fact a key word in the industrialized ideal held up by writers on industrial civilization, including me. It has been said, quite properly, that the tools and fixtures should be increasingly lighter, more efficient, more easily replaced, more economical of materials, and that society should never be absolutely committed to the tools and fixtures of even the recent past.

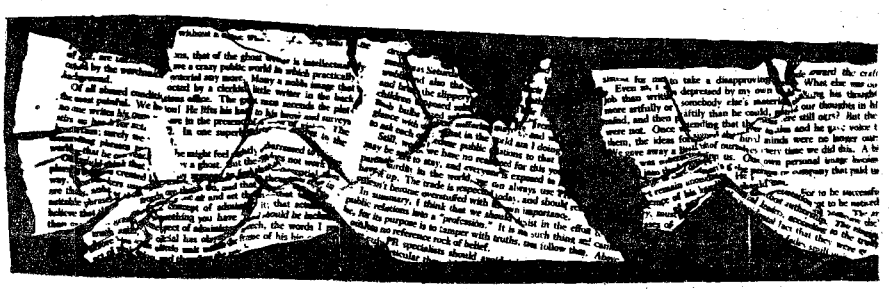
We will pass over the irony that, as in the libraries, we are more ephemeral than we had known or intended.

But at its most reasonable, the doctrine of ephemeralization overlooks some possibilities. One is the possibility that some stage of past performance may have been much more efficient than the present stage; and that the only way of return is by means of the old, obsolete (but lost) models. Another is that to some degree society is always committed, more deeply than it knows, to the tools and fixtures it is using. A third is that mankind's true wealth can always be defined as a kind of capital, which cannot afford to be ephemeral. Under this heading come the total acreage of useful top-soil, the water-table, the wild flora and fauna, the insect life, the mineral resources as related to annual consumption, the total of good, solid shelter, and of course the good condition of the knowledge of the past in the libraries of record. Respect for these assets, and the desire to keep them healthy, constitute a kind of cultural and ecological capitalism, which must often regard as abominable the works of both communism and financial capitalism.

This thought can be finished without using the words "entropic" or "anti-entropic."

For on the bay of Naples, a beautiful example of the non-ephemeral is at this moment coming to light after 1900 years, under the direction of Amedeo Maiuri, Director of the National Museum of Naples.

Herculaneum, a town of only 6,000 people, comparable to many American suburbs today, was overwhelmed by a muddy landslide from erupting Vesuvius on August 24, 79 A.D. Thus we can now see the arrangements of people who had planned, not primarily for permanence, but for continuous use and enjoyment and pride. Herculaneum, in contrast to our American suburbs, had a



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beautiful theatre, a splendid palaestra or gymnasium, a highly decorated basilica, two public baths, a regular city plan with fountains at the intersections, an abundant water supply and the famous Villa of Herculaneum full of sculptures and a library of papyri made to endure. The upper class of this provincial town had large, beautiful and permanent mansions with a view of the sea. The large middle class lived in comfortable homes with newly painted dining rooms, well-watered, shaded gardens, and mosaic floors. (The apartment houses of the second century had not yet made an appearance.)

People who have seen the part of the town already exposed express a desire to move right in, and find an anticipatory sense of happiness there. A genuine love of the community, the opposite of the cold concrete hearts of such city-planners as Robert Moses, has left a spiritual patina on the marble, bronze, mosaic and stucco of the dead city; and this cannot be ephemeral.

Compare old Herculaneum to American towns with many times the wealth and three or four times the population: Culver City, Calif., Highland Park, Ill., Morristown, N. J. and Port Chester, N. Y., all well above the average American town in local pride. Where are the baths, the fountains, the gymnasia, the fine libraries, the palaces and the tiny gardens? The American theatres, of course, would be for movies—and would be now half-empty. Even the once abundant water supply has run short for many American towns of this size. In every department, at every social level, the American towns are shamed by Herculaneum. Even at plumbing and sewage disposal, Herculaneum bests them.

Other, less admirable features of imperial Roman civilization are not here our subject. But the kind of sound, thoughtful, non-ephemeral building seen at Herculaneum must have deepened the awe which the Roman world impressed on the barbarian. This world did endure for another 400 years, and its legend remained Europe's ideal until the nineteenth century, when at last the title of Holy Roman Emperor was abandoned, in 1806. One would like a little of that durability for the legend of one's own civilization.

And let it be emphasized that Herculaneum knew the difference between permanence, an unnatural and impossible condition, and the non-ephemeral. Only sixteen years before, it had been reminded of its impermanence by a disastrous earthquake. The citizens were still rebuilding when Vesuvius buried them in a permanence of 2,000 years.

PESTICIDES: the REAL PERIL . . *by Robert L. Rudd*

CONTAMINATION of a portion of this year's cranberry crop dramatizes hazards which accompany the growing use of chemical pesticides. Yet the danger revealed by the incident is not, in the long run, the *basic* one involved in the use of pesticides, and to that extent our alarm is misdirected.

Traditionally, man has resisted the onslaughts of competing animals and plants with the crudest of measures. He has been compelled to pay a certain tariff to these competitors—a portion of his crops, his livestock, his timber or his person. Occasionally the tax is too great and he fails. But he has never been content to pay the tithe and has followed every path that promises to reduce or to eliminate his competitors. Less than two decades ago, new chemical discoveries revealed a pathway which promised total release from this competition. DDT was and remains the best known of the pesticides along this pathway of promise, but there are dozens of others. Many are quite unlike DDT; some are more toxic; many are widely used.

Although our experience with these chemicals has been brief, it has also been intense and greatly varied. We are therefore now justified in asking the question: Have chemical controls led to the Eden which earlier experience promised? In spite of short-term gains in crop yields, and localized alleviation of disease, my answer is "No!" Their use has in fact created as many problems as have been solved. Witness a few: Increasing contamination of our lands, waters and foodstuffs; increasing billions to support unneeded production; increasing destruction of natural-control agents; increasing misery from overproduction in many areas of the world.

A great deal of publicity has already been given to "kills" of fish and wildlife resulting from widespread use of chemical pesticides; to the omnipresence of chemical residues in our foods, to the possibility of injury to human beings (the cranberry crisis!) and livestock. The public debate on these matters has led to a greater awareness of the hazard, a general heightening of responsibility in users, industry and government, a greater research effort, and to some corrective legislation.

Most of this emphasis has centered on chemicals alone. A common belief is that solution of hazard problems will also solve pest-control problems. This is by no means true. Following present land-use practices, we *must* use chemicals—and the frequency with which we use them must increase as our land use continues to intensify. Eliminate pesticides and our "plagues and pestilences" would be far more severe than they were before the advent of pest control.

Why is chemical pest control now a necessity? Why does one chemical treatment normally lead to another

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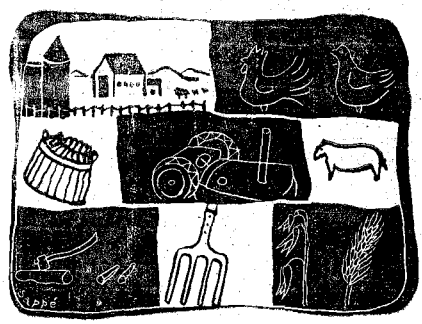
—to repetitive application? An ecologist would answer "Simplification of the ecosystem." The ecosystem is the total living complex, relatively stable because of the great diversity of actions and kinds of organisms. When something gets out of balance in such a system, corrections occur quickly and the imbalance is corrected. Hawks and owls, for example, congregate in unusual numbers where large numbers of mice occur. Checks to abnormal increase of any species are inherent in most ecosystems. In simplified ecosystems, natural controls are fewer and respond less rapidly. Potential pests become actual pests under this condition, and herein lies the *real* danger of our present control practices.

All managed crop and timber production deals with simplified ecosystems. The first person to harvest and store natural cereal grain for later sowing started the simplification of agriculture. Until the mechanization and later chemicalization of agriculture, there was little substantial departure from the methods of the first agriculturalists. Acreages were small, landscapes diverse. Ecosystem simplification was relatively slight and was in any event local. Hedgerows, trees, weed patches, seasonal cropping and multipurpose farming combined to form a diversified base for a diversified fauna. Mechanized and chemicalized crop production has resulted in large expanses of single crop species—the destruction of diversity in the landscape.

Simplification of the fauna follows simplification of the landscape. A pest species provided with abundant food and few competing animals to check its increase, may under these conditions become far more numerous than was ever remotely possible before present-day, large-scale simplification. When the pest is introduced from another country, rarely does it bring with it any of the animals which control it in its native land; as a result, great increase in numbers with devastating consequences can be expected. Most of our major insect pests are "introduced" species.

We further simplify the fauna by two means. We remove single species—coyotes, for example—when the methods are available to do so. When such methods are not available, we do so by nondiscriminating means such as blanket chemicals. The use of parathion in citrus groves, for example, kills most insects nonselectively. Control of a pest species may be temporarily achieved by chemicals, but the resurgence of pest species is almost assuredly more rapid than is that of the predators and parasites normally checking the pest species. Initial chemical control, therefore, creates the later need for more chemicals. Once begun, there is no stopping if the crop is not to be lost.

If repetitive treatment with the same chemical is continued, control of one pest may be achieved in time



to herald the arrival of a new one. Shifts in animal balances can well result in the increase of previously harmful species to pest numbers. The emergence of spider mites to pest status followed successive treatments with DDT in orchards throughout the world. As another example, the control of coyotes and to some extent the smaller predatory mammals, may be responsible for the irruptions of rodents in Western rangelands. Although this belief is hotly disputed, the fact is that many livestock growers have forbidden the poisoning or trapping of predatory mammals on their properties. Their aim is rodent control; their method—natural check and balance in an ecosystem previously awry.

I have described the conditions under which chemicals may perpetuate pest control by reducing natural checks to population increase, and the particular way in which new pests can be created. It is also apparent, in rodents, that partial reduction of a pest population may actually act as a stimulus to breeding by the pest species. This reaction does not seem to be widely appreciated among pest controllers; yet it is a maxim of livestock growers and managers of game species that reduction in numbers is often necessary to yield maximum vigor and reproduction.

SIMPLIFICATION of the ecosystem is the result of most current production practice in the United States. Clearly, immense biological and economic problems are created by it. Yet, one other characteristic of our age complicates these problems further—transportation. To an unprecedented extent, animals and plants are being moved from one part of the world to another. Relatively few are *intentional* introductions (certain game birds and the biological-control organisms are exceptions); most introductions are unintentional. The hardier species become established, spread and may well become spectacular pests. The gypsy moth, corn borer and boll weevil are examples among insects; house rats and mice are excellent examples among mammals. No practical way of defending against unwanted alien introductions has yet been found.

Quarantine measures, now standard practices at ports of entry, consist of prohibitions against certain plants and animals known to be contaminated, and inspections of admissible kinds to intercept contaminated stocks. Valuable as quarantine is, it is only partially effective. Fifteen of our major insect pests appeared in this country after the establishment of federal quarantine procedures. It is virtually impossible to prevent the entry of major pest species.

The only recourse available when such a pest becomes established is an "eradication" campaign. A serious belief in the ability to eradicate pest-insect species is very recent: only the combination of aerial application and new synthetic chemicals make it possible. In only one species—the Mediterranean fruit fly—has such a campaign been successful; the recent eradication of the pest in a few counties in Florida followed just such methods. But the fly had been "eradicated" previously — thirty years ago. The "eradication" pro-

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grams against the gypsy moth and the imported fire ant aim at species well established in a number of states. Chlorinated hydrocarbon insecticides distributed by air are the control means. Both campaigns have been bitterly opposed. Eradication of these species is indeed possible, but an informed public will not tolerate the hazards nor the cost necessary for such efforts.

THE simplification of ecosystems resulting from the use of nonselective, toxic chemicals creates problems in addition to the loss of, or threat to, desirable species. To illustrate, two pest insects—the rice stink bug and the sugar-cane borer—in Louisiana last year irrupted to economically serious levels following fire-ant "control" measures. Competent entomologists "credit" these outbreaks to the nonselective action of a control chemical—the removal of the natural checks on the populations of pest species. Of course, additional chemical means are available to control the insect irruptions caused by the initial chemical treatment. Simplification of the ecosystem followed by unimaginative methods to keep it simple! The total price is much greater than the cost of the first insect-control treatment.

Perhaps I may be forgiven a heretical notion. Our export of American agricultural "know-how" may be doing the "favored" countries an ultimate disservice. The extension of simplified crop systems throughout the world cannot fail to magnify pest-control problems. Have we given enough thought to the total results of simplified chemicalized crop systems over vast areas of the world's surface? Possibly a fanciful objection in a period of burgeoning human populations!

If simplification of the ecosystem has produced serious pest problems, the obvious solution to them is to reverse the pattern. Complicate it! The eminent ecologist, Professor Charles Elton of Oxford, in a recent book suggests that we both conserve variety and cultivate ecological diversity. He says in fact that we *must* do so if we are to produce indefinitely from lands now in use. We *must* do so if our aesthetically satisfying landscapes are to remain. How can we accomplish this "complication"?

We do know how. But before we attempt to do so, we must protect the present. We must conserve variety and prevent more simplification.

THE FIRST necessity is to continue quarantine programs to prevent access of the hardy, adaptable organisms that become pests. Experience with such organisms makes clear that our food and fiber production areas are ripe for further invasions. Although the quarantine program cannot be totally successful, it must be counted as necessary until such time as we can make the biological adjustments necessary to minimize pest problems.

In the same light, it becomes necessary to minimize cultivation practices or chemical applications which might lead to further simplification of the fauna. A sizable margin of insurance will be demanded by growers. Such "safety" margins can in many instances be reduced by utilizing available information on resistant plants, timing of planting, management of water and so on.

Both of the foregoing are protective measures to be operative while the most important phase is being put into effect. Professor Elton's suggestion — cultivate diversity — must be implemented. Some existing land-use practices already do so; we have a good base from which to proceed. Conservationists and wildlife enthusiasts have already arranged for and continue to speak for refuges, for the legal protection of existing species, for the education of the general public, and for proper utilization of renewable resources. The practices of the Soil Conservation Service have led to diversified landscapes accompanied inevitably by faunal diversity. The efforts of Soil Bank and similar "reserve" plans will result in this diversity. So also will any change to less intensive land use, such as that now occurring in many parts of the Midwest and South.

But only in the conscious pitting of one living thing against another—biological control—can we directly control pests without the hazards accompanying repetitive chemical applications. Many species of insects and viruses have been introduced into the United States to aid in biological control. Only a few have been truly successful, but these few have repaid the cost of all biological-control efforts to date a thousandfold. Their importance is grossly unappreciated, particularly by industry and government.

To such established controls as the lady-bird beetle, University of California entomologists have recently added "living" insecticides—bacteria and fungi that can be applied when certain pest insects reach damaging numbers. The effect of using biological control agents is, of course, the sought-for complication. Simplification of the ecosystem resulted in the absence of natural checks; we can now "complicate" the life of a pest without chemical hazard to plants, animals and man and without following the primrose path of ever-increasing simplification of the ecosystem.

Some entomologists, particularly in Canada, have already shown the way to manage complex insect relationships with efficiency and safety. European entomologists now speak of managing the entire plant-insect community. It is called manipulation of the biocenose. The biocenotic environment is varied, complex and dynamic. Although numbers of individuals will constantly change, no one species will normally reach pest proportions. The special conditions which allow high populations of a single species in a complex ecosystem are rare events. Management of the biocenose or ecosystem should become our goal, challenging as it is.

The way is clear, the conditions ripe, for a shift away from chemical controls and from the oversimplified environments which create the need for them. In many crop environments it is already too late to make the shift. Before the pest-producing, simplified ecosystem becomes so widespread as to insure a constant chemical prophylactic blanket on the all outdoors, we should look to our biological reserves. For the good of us all, chemical techniques must give way to ecological emphasis. The cultivation of ecosystem diversity will yield crop safety, sustained productivity, reduction of chemical hazards, and a landscape much more appealing to the eye.

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BOOKS and the ARTS

The Vanishing Rainbow

A BIOGRAPHY OF EDWARD MARSH. By Christopher Hassall. Harcourt Brace. 732 pp. $6.75.

THE LIGHT OF COMMON DAY. By Lady Diana Cooper. Houghton Mifflin. 274 pp. $5.

Horace Gregory

IN ENGLAND a brilliantly revived kind of non-fiction has precedence today: the historical essay, the memoir, the biography. Even the "official" biography, once dull, secretive and heavy, has become a vehicle of British literary art. Christopher Hassall is not another Boswell, nor is Lady Diana Cooper another (nor would she care to be) Duchess of Newcastle — yet both are "in the tradition" of such writers, both in their wholly different ways write extremely well. In both books, the reader has the sensation of being "in" on the ground floor; the action is lively and seemingly true to life. Of the two, Lady Diana's memoirs seem more spontaneous, less consciously controlled than the official biography of Edward Marsh, private secretary to Winston Churchill, and the editor, "E. M.," of *Georgian Poetry* in five volumes (1911 to 1922). The career of Edward Marsh precedes Lady Diana's; the orbits through which they moved were of a world that seems curiously distant, somewhat Stately Home-ish, almost pre-historic, when compared to the world of the Welfare State today.

Edward Marsh (born 1872) was heir to a small government annuity (which he called "murder money") because in 1812 a distant relative, Spencer Perceval, then Prime Minister, entered the lobby of the House of Commons and was shot dead by a certain Mr. Bellingham. The inheritance came to Marsh through his mother, Jane Perceval. His father had gone to medical school with the future Poet Laureate, Robert Bridges, and through that early friendship unknowingly gave his son another kind of inheritance — a sensitive, Shelleyesque interest in poetry. A childhood disease left him "incapable of the act of love . . . destined from then on to live and die as chaste as the day he was born . . . he cultivated a capacity for friendship . . . untroubled by physical desire . . . feminine in its tenderness."

Throughout Mr. Hassall's book, its slender, handsome, eye-glass-in-right-eye protagonist is Eddie, the perfect subject (as he became) for Max Beerbohm portraits. His education was of Westminster and Cambridge; his literary tastes were formed by friendships with Bridges, A. E. Housman and Maurice Baring (who later is a friend of Lady Diana), and Edmund Gosse, arch-dictator of letters. Coming down from Cambridge it was natural for Marsh to slip into a clerkship in the Colonial Office. He had very little money (he remained relatively poor all his life); more valuable than money were his charm and social tact, and more important than these was his gift for loyalty in friendship. It was not accidental that Churchill chose Marsh as his secretary. Marsh sealed his lips with an innocent boyish smile that offended no one. He was, as Churchill called him, "the perfect secretary." At both political and literary gatherings, he skimmed as lightly across surfaces of talk as a long-legged dragonfly on a stream of water.

Among the witnesses of "the Smart Set" in Edwardian London, Marsh was at Churchill's side, and they agreed that Lady Diana's face could launch a thousand ships while many others launched no more than two hundred. As the reign of George V began, there were three Edward Marshes, each separate from the other: First, Churchill's secretary; second the Edwardian dandy, odd man in at a dinner party; and third the patron of poetry and British painting. The Georgian anthologies were yet to come, but their arrival was foreshadowed by Marsh's romantic friendship with Rupert Brooke. Brooke, the latest arrival down from Cambridge, was as handsome in his own right as Lady Diana was beautiful in hers; he inspired Marsh to read the younger British poets and with Brooke's image in mind, Marsh wrote in his prefatory note to the first of his Georgian anthologies that "English poetry is now once again putting on a new strength and beauty."

Poetry and British painting (Marsh guided by Walter Sickert's taste) were the uses to which the "murder money" was put. As literary patron, Marsh's range was greater than the limitations of his taste in verse. Before his death in 1953, his legacy had aided John Middleton Murry as well as D. H. Lawrence, Isaac Rosenberg as well as Wilfred Gibson, and beyond the Georgians, its benefits were extended to James Joyce as well as Dylan Thomas. Although the sums at his disposal were not large, Marsh was a great and gallant "giver."

Marsh's taste in poetry veered in the direction of what might be called "magazine verse," the small lyric cast in conventional designs; and like a number of the Georgian poets whom he favored most, fresh diction and metaphor disturbed rather than pleased his ear and eye. His taste was Bloomsbury taste, which even today still dominates choices made in verse anthologies by Lord David Cecil, and which is displayed by *The New Yorker* as though there were a revival of Georgian verse in America.

Under the patronage of Marsh's good will, the British poets had access to the Royal Pension Fund and temporary fame — at least a reading — on the peripheries of political and Court circles. Their names were within earshot of fashionable company, including Winston Churchill, Lady Diana, the Asquiths and Duff Cooper. At no time since the twelve years when "E.M." edited the volumes of Georgian poetry have so many young men of talent made their way by name to the circles of the spectacular few.

BY 1922, when the final volume of *Georgian Poetry* appeared, taste for whatever was "new" in poetry had shifted its attention to Pound and Eliot; the ridicule of Georgian mannerisms, which had been so brilliantly advanced in the Sitwells' magazine, "Wheels," a few years earlier, was ammunition in the hands of a younger generation. Marsh himself had drifted to Ivor Novello, *Chu Chin Chow* and the operettas of Shaftbury Avenue. The theatre had always engaged his enthusiasm, and he found such young men as Novello and Noel Coward almost as fascinating as the earlier Rupert Brooke.

But from the late 20s onward—Marsh was now in his fifties — the strain of keeping the social Marsh, the political Marsh and the literary Marsh separate had begun to exert its toll. It was as though his psyche had been split three ways. On a holiday in Corsica he suffered the first of his "blackouts"; on taking a walk through a wild countryside, he lost himself and then collapsed.

HORACE GREGORY'S latest book is The World of James McNeill Whistler, *to be published this month by Thomas Nelson.*

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It took a rescue party twenty-four hours to find him, and when he was found, he was almost naked and close to death. He had come very near to the borderline of insanity, yet his triple-faced loyalties remained unbetrayed. The hero concealed behind the mask of the dandy survived; from then on Marsh was a much older man, and in reading the proof sheets of the books his friends wrote, he became more watchful and a trifle pedantic; he became the vicarious "author" par excellence. He amused himself by doing three translations, the Fables of La Fontaine, a Horace and Fromentin's novel, *Dominique*. This last was his masterpiece.

OF THE period that Marsh's career so clearly represents, Lady Diana Cooper is the heroine — and the Lady can write. Her language, unaffected, chatty, not unlike the language of Nancy Mitford, is the language of a "set" — language that may seem affected to those outside Lady Diana's circles, but is as natural to her as talking with a glass of champagne in one hand at six in the morning. One has the image of a very pretty girl who is never quite tight and never quite sober. Her image is reflected in Evelyn Waugh's most enduring novel, *Vile Bodies*, and a more distant, imitative reflection of the same image may be glimpsed in the novels and short stories of F. Scott Fitzgerald. The girls of the "silly" and "flapper" generation were would-be carbon copies of the original Lady Diana who, by the way, on reading Marsh's edition of Rupert Brooke's poems, burst into tears of delight and awe — and grief that Brooke had died so young. Duff Cooper wrote extremely Georgian poems to his Diana; and her replies to him, in prose, were no less charming. With the same charm she confesses "My calligraphy was always and remains even worse than my spelling, which is atrocious and so phonetic that I write bs for ms when I have a cold."

Shortly before World War I, Lady Diana's "Coterie" began to have premonitions of early death. During a midnight party (every one drinking) on a Thames-moored yacht; an idea (was it Lady Diana's?) struck the "Coterie" to go bathing — one man leaped overboard and drowned; rescue was futile. With World War I the real death tolls began to mount, and hysteria mounted at the same pace. Irrespective of class, the rich with the poor, death in the Near East and in France swiftly wiped out a generation of young Englishmen, while at home Lady Diana (not yet Cooper) became "Nurse Manners," much photographed and worshiped in the popular press. Even Mary Pickford's light was dimmed by hers. She was Lord Beaverbrook's heroine; gifts came to her from everywhere and at the time of their marriage, Duff Cooper and she practically lived on presents from millionaires, showered in tribute to Lady Diana's beauty. Nor is it surprising that Morris Gest and Reinhardt chose Lady Diana to play both Madonna and Nun in their wildly creative and constantly reimprovised spectacle, *The Miracle*. The films directed and produced by the late Cecil B. De Mille follow the standard set by *The Miracle*, a production that combined the excitement of a three-ring circus with the story of Christ's birth. It was immense: society girls and professional actresses attempted to rival Lady Diana's speechless parts of Madonna and Nun, but she conquered. However she acted, the public came to see her, spotlighted out of shadows, holding a huge doll and strait jacketed in a simulated "stone" cloak. The performance was, as she called it, a fantastic "Gothic-Freudian" interpretation of the Scriptures, but she herself was the real show, the center of the circus. It was little wonder that in the United States she outshone even the publicity of movie stars. The sight of near-Royalty and blond beauty in one glance was too extraordinary for an American public to ignore.

This second volume of Lady Diana's memoirs (the first was called *The Rainbow Comes and Goes* and there will be more) tells of further adventures beyond *The Miracle*, not the least of them a cruise to Greece with the Duke of Windsor in the brief interval when he was King of England. The King was perhaps too boyish to remain King, nor does Lady Diana underestimate his charm. He enjoyed the arts both of being informal and "dressing-up," and Lady Diana's portrait of him playing the bagpipes around the dinner table and in kilts is not to be forgotten. It is like a small snapshot in color of the days before the British Isles became a citadel of the British Commonwealth and a Welfare State.

McKinley Gave the Orders

IN THE DAYS OF McKINLEY. By Margaret Leech. Harper & Bros. 686 pp. $6.95.

Walter LaFeber

THOSE who wish to discover the roots of American foreign policy during the 1950s must begin their search in the history of the 1890s. It was then that the 1893-1897 depression forced American business leaders to look upon foreign markets as the relief for the American industrial glut; it was then that influential observers saw in the closing of the American frontier a need for the virgin market of Asia; it was then that the United States wrapped its newly discovered muscles around the far-off Philippines and other Pacific islands, thus undertaking world-wide political commitments; and it was then that William McKinley rationalized the American policies which responded to and caused these events.

Margaret Leech's *In the Days of McKinley* sounds a new chord in American historiography with its emphasis on the importance of McKinley. Miss Leech discounts Alfred Henry Lewis' remark that "Hanna and the others will shuffle him and deal him like a pack of cards." She admits that Joe Cannon was correct in saying that McKinley kept his ear so close to the ground that he got it full of grasshoppers. But Miss Leech then demonstrates that McKinley always erected himself long enough to systematize the desires of American corporation leaders and farmers into policies which led the United States into a new and vigorous role on the world stage. Too many historians have left McKinley lying on the ground.

This theme is thoroughly documented. John Hay, George B. Cortelyou (McKinley's secretary), Elihu Root and John D. Long were among the many who agreed with Mark Hanna's comment that "McKinley gave the orders." On several crucial occasions it was McKinley who came through with the key play that cinched the victory for his forces. His Chicago speech in 1896 brought the wavering Illinois Republican delegation to his side, and his Home Market Club speech on the Philippines in 1899 gave the anti-imperialists a major setback at a decisive moment.

Above all, McKinley formulated policies which make this period a watershed in American history. He became the champion of commercial reciprocity after the 1893 depression convinced him that the home market could no longer ab-

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sorb the goods produced by American industries and farms. He once told Cortelyou, "We need Hawaii just as much and a good deal more than we did California." Miss Leech raises questions about the popular story that the President decided to take the Philippines only after the Almighty indicated that the United States must Christianize the natives. McKinley knelt beside his bed not for guidance, but because "he had not been able to bring himself to renounce a demand for the archipelago."

MISS LEECH uses colorful and sure strokes to paint her picture of this underrated President. Miniature portraits of Russell A. Alger and William Shafter stand out among many which are masterfully sketched. The author is often biting. She so sharply treats Nelson Miles and Thomas B. Reed (he of the "cankered heart"), that both may be doomed to the limbo of American history for a long time.

Unfortunately, her strokes for other men and events are not as sure. To say that John Hay as Secretary of State "was entirely untrained in Far Eastern affairs" is to overlook Hay's dispatches from London in 1897 and 1898 which illustrate his knowledge of and concern about the partitioning of China. She traces Theodore Roosevelt's expansionism in 1898 to a mentality which lay "somewhere between that of a boy scout and the young Kaiser Wilhelm of Germany." This may be picturesque, but is difficult to reconcile with the fact that Roosevelt had profound scholarly knowledge of American westward expansion and worried deeply over the closing of the frontier.

But most troublesome to this reviewer were Miss Leech's treatment of the events leading to the Spanish-American War and her analysis of the Open Door doctrine. She scarcely mentions the Cuban *Junta* which played a vital role in arousing American sentiment. Her story of the de Lome letter (a note written by the Spanish Minister in Washington which attacked McKinley as a cheap politician) omits the crucial fact that it was not the Cuban *Junta* which sent the letter to the State Department, but John A. McCook, an influential and prosperous New York lawyer whom McKinley had almost named as Secretary of the Interior. McCook had a financial interest in initiating an American-Spanish conflict for he had invested heavily in *Junta* bonds.

This points to another omission. There is little notice of the part the American business community played in the coming of the war. Yet an account which interprets the McKinley-Hanna alliance as "the commitment of the Republican party to the business interests" should deal with the key point of whether the President followed or led these interests into war.

The books of Charles S. Campbell, Jr., and the as yet unpublished investigations by Thomas McCormick of the University of Wisconsin conflict with Miss Leech's account of the origins of the Open Door notes. She follows the standard view that Great Britain, through Alfred E. Hippisley, originated the doctrine. But Campbell has shown that American corporations and business periodicals called for such a pronouncement before 1899, while McCormick's researches in manuscript sources reveal that McKinley and Hay formulated the notes quite independently of Hippisley.

Finally, to say that "the doctrine of the Open Door lingered in American mythology" but disappeared in reality because it was "unessential to the national interest," is to throw away the skeleton key to much of American diplomacy in the twentieth century. Certainly the State Department's Far Eastern Adviser Stanley Hornbeck did not believe the Open Door policy had disappeared by 1900 when he wrote in 1936 that the Japanese would have to be stopped in China or "the open door will go out of existence."

These are major defects in Miss Leech's narrative. They only slightly mar her theme that McKinley was an executive who "gave the orders" at a crucial period of American history. This theme, plus a vibrant literary style, entitles the book to a wide reading.

American Dreamer

THE WEST-GOING HEART. By Eleanor Ruggles. W. W. Norton. 441 pp. $5.95.

Kenneth Rexroth

THIS is a sad book. It is a life of Vachel Lindsay, and Vachel Lindsay had a very sad life. What makes it even sadder is the realization that all his heartbreaking expense of spirit was far too dear a price to pay for his poetry. His poetry was not very good. Approximately thirty poets of what might be called "anthology rank" have committed suicide in the United States since the beginning of this century. It is by far the commonest cause of death amongst poets. Most of them have not been non-conformists, oddities, evil livers; most of them have been exactly the opposite — "dreamers of the American Dream," like Lindsay. Many have been quite conventional people, middle class, socially acceptable and rather dull.

Lindsay was a sort of Whitman of the high-school assemblies. He took Whitman's dream of a utopian society, emerging from the enlightenment of the Founding Fathers, and the storm and stress of the radical eccentrics of the revolutionary forties, and turned it into something folksy, a bigger and better and sweeter Hometown. He took Whitman's sonorous verse and turned it into tub-thumping circus music. High-school assemblies and women's clubs loved it. For a generation he was the favorite American poet of the *London Mercury*, he was exactly the loud barbarian whom John Squire wanted to exhibit to the world as the perfect poetic voice of America — he was made to order for Bloomsbury ethnocentrism.

PERHAPS they were right. He was certainly typical of the hometown that produced him and that he always believed hated and feared and snubbed him. Today, I suppose, he would be a mildly rightish liberal, a common-sense New Dealer. In his own time he was an accurate reflection of Midwest Populism. His best poem is written to Governor Altgeld, "Sleep softly, . . . eagle forgotten, . . . under the stone, . . ." As far as I know he never wrote one to the Chicago anarchists whom Altgeld pardoned, nor even a little one to Gene Debs. He did write an innocent hero-worshiping dithyramb to William Jennings Bryan. It isn't much as a poem, but it is an accurate picture of the enraptured Middle West that thrilled to Bryan's cross of gold speech and his flamboyant and treacherous leadership. I suppose he looked on his "The Congo" as an epic of the Negro people. Today it seems ridden with chauvinism and it is a brave soul who would "put it on" in a high-school assembly in the civilized parts of the country. That is it. Vachel Lindsay was hopelessly naive, more naive than Carol Kennicott in *Main Street*. It is true that the Founding Fathers and the enthusiasts and screwballs of the forties had dreamed a great dream. It is even possible that that dream may some day in some measure come true. But in the first quarter of this century in the middle classes of

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Middle Western towns it had become pretty confused and sentimental.

Yet Lindsay knew better too, at least at times. One part of him was drawn off into what has since become Chamber of Commerce local patriotism and social service; but another, smaller part of him, knew better. I doubt that it was the conflicting pull of these two tendencies that broke him apart — I think he killed himself from personal troubles and illness (he was an epileptic who feared and even refused to admit his disease), augmented by the manifest evils of the lecture circuit that was almost his sole source of money. But the conflict was there and he knew it, and even if his was a vulgarized version of the vulgarly called "American Dream," it was infinitely less vulgar than the waking realization of that dream he saw always about him. Naive, yes — who else would write a poem called "Why I Voted the Socialist Ticket"? Naive, but terribly sincere. By the time Lindsay swallowed Lysol it had begun to look as though there would never be any place in the world again for that naïveté and that sincerity, and that simple, even folksy, social vision. Eleanor Ruggles has done what the reviewers call a thoroughly workmanlike job; the whole picture of Lindsay is here and he isn't too much inflated or sentimentalized. This was his life, and possibly its telling is another documented answer to the question, "Why have thirty poets of anthology rank committed suicide in the United States since 1900?"

Second Impressions

Review of Paperbacks

Robert M. Wallace

Criticism

Literary Biography by Leon Edel (Anchor, 95c) is attractive for its accounts of Mr. Edel's work, especially with Henry James, but it is important for its argument that literary criticism is one of the humanities. Biography is clearly so; and biographers of literary men "must at every moment" be critics, Mr. Edel says. His claim for psychology in literary biography and his warning against psychoanalytic excesses reflect his own successful practice. Criticism, psychology and biography interact at every point, as in the late Professor Lowes's still exciting and satisfying study in the ways of poetic imagination, *The Road to Xanadu* (Vintage, $1.65). This is Mr. Edel's view as he questions the New Critics, specifically René Wellek and Austin Warren. Even the luminous sea creatures of the Mariner and Kubla Khan's ice palace have a biographical origin as well as an aesthetic relevance and can be most fully understood in the broader context. Where are they from, and what did they mean to Coleridge? The point can be pushed "rather excessively," as Mr. Edel unfortunately says in another connection; but not very.

Mr. Edel's book suffers by its origin as a series of lectures and an introductory anthology note (though a superb one). *Five Masters* by Joseph Wood Krutch (Midland, $1.75), a useful and pleasant study in the mutations of the novel, suffers from easy old prejudice, as regarding Samuel Richardson, and from the shifts of thirty years which make the omission of James and Joyce, for example, regrettable. Alfred Kazin's articles and essays in *The Trembling of a Leaf* (Noonday, $1.65) are perhaps too timely. Mostly from the review journals, they are personal, often penetrating, fertile and uneven. Mr. Kazin is concerned with "the costumes that man wears in our time," as he puts it in his general introduction to Dreiser's *The Titan* (Dell, 75c). Yet the fact that he can appreciate Dreiser's excitement with "the dense, peopled, factual world itself" recommends the breadth of his interest.

Twelve Original Essays on Great American Novels, Charles Shapiro, editor (Wayne State, $2.25) and *Forms of Modern Fiction,* William Van O'Connor, editor (Midland, $1.75) profit by the symposium's "versatile sense of literary values." The essays on great American novels, Cooper to Faulkner, are original indeed, written for this collection and throwing new light. Even where weaknesses appear, the essays enrich one's insights. It is so with Malcolm Cowley's on *The Scarlet Letter* when he describes its structure in five acts, though he neglects the point that parts of the novel not to be fitted into a dramatic scheme are essential to its distinctive tone and substance.

This flaw in Mr. Cowley's argument would be best overlooked, perhaps, if it did not point to a difficulty which reappears in *Forms of Modern Fiction,* by which Mr. O'Connor means the novel. The openly serious writers of novels since George Eliot who have explored new subjects and methods, and the students of technique, the Jameses and Lubbocks, still flounder at times like Henry Fielding, who had to define the "new species of writing" in terms of epic, history, biography, the theatre because these already had their critical vocabularies and recognized structures. Now as then the novel has been moving rapidly into new fields, ahead of the critics. Suggestion was the best Fielding could manage, and it is all Mark Shorer, for example, should try with such dicta as that "style is the subject." His "Technique as Discovery" is a sort of manifesto and hence overwrought in spots, but even a manifesto should avoid belaboring D. H. Lawrence for not saying what he meant while confidently specifying Lawrence's meaning on the basis of his "obscure" gaucheries. In a sense Mr. Shorer is probably right, but he is on sounder critical ground when he moves toward the position of Eric Bentley's balanced discussion of Robert Penn Warren in the same volume. "The novel is still read," and should be despite Mr. Shorer, "as though its content has some value in itself."

Also: *Bird in the Bush* by Kenneth Rexroth (New Directions, $1.55), "obvious essays," seven from *The Nation,* still fresh and alive in the reprint. *Chaucer: Modern Essays in Criticism,* Edward Wagenknecht, editor; *Eighteenth Century English Literature: Modern Essays in Criticism,* James L. Clifford, editor; *Interpretations of American Literature,* Charles Feidelson, Jr. and Paul Brodtkorb, Jr., editors (Galaxy, $2.65 ea.) reprint fruitful, sound key studies almost entirely untouched by pedantry and deservedly called productive scholarship.

Fiction

Benjamin Constant said of his autobiographical novelette *Adolphe* (Signet Classics, 50c) that "character is everything," but the compression of its action too is a great virtue. Still, analysis of feeling and motive is its chief attraction. Adolphe is an egoist and practitioner of sensibility, and in this "anecdote" of 1816, Constant imposes realism on old artifice and foreshadows the modern psychological novel. This welcome, attractive edition includes *The Red Notebook,* Constant's memoir of his first twenty years, and an absorbing introduction by Sir Harold Nicolson which traces parallels between *Adolphe* and Constant's affair with Mme. de Staël.

Adolphe, here first in paper covers, is exceptionally well edited, but various text series (though not invariably reliable) are commonly preferable for such titles. See Henry Mackenzie's sentimental *The Man of Feeling* (Norton, 85c), Hawthorne's *House of Seven Gables* (Rinehart, 65c) and Trollope's *Doctor Thorne* (Riverside, $1.15).

Also: *Nineteenth Century German Tales,* 1793-1842, Angel Flores, editor (Anchor, $1.25), seven romantic long

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stories. *Youth* and *The Shadow Line*, each with two other tales and admirable introductions by Morton Dauwen Zabel (Anchor, 95c ea.). *The Transposed Heads* by Thomas Mann (Vintage, $1.15). *The Finest Short Stories of Sean O'Faolain* (Bantam, 50c). [Eighteen] *Stories* by Elizabeth Bowen (Vintage, $1.25). *The Circus in the Attic and Other Stories* by Robert Penn Warren (Dell, 50c).

Music

The Listener's Musical Companion by B. H. Haggin (Anchor, $1.25), a superb handbook, incisively written. Revised.

Music and Imagination by Aaron Copland (Mentor, 50c), a personal examination of the role of imagination in writing, performing and listening to music.

Opera as Drama by Joseph Kerman (Vintage, $1.25), with Mozart and Verdi as the most admired models, shows how music and libretto meld in truly successful opera.

Miscellaneous

The Nude: A Study in Ideal Form by Sir Kenneth Clark (Anchor, $1.95) expertly, for all its small scale, reproduces the 300 illustrations and the six excellent Mellon lectures of 1953, expanded and increased to nine.

The American Adam: Innocence, Tragedy, and Tradition in the Nineteenth Century by R. W. B. Lewis (Phoenix, $1.35) analyzes and sometimes imposes patterns on debates, 1820-1860, on the ideal American.

Satires and Epistles of Horace, a modern English verse translation by Smith Palmer Bovie (Phoenix, $1.95) combines scholarship with Horace's colloquial manner and sophisticated air in all four Books.

The Song of Roland (Ann Arbor, $1.65) with only minor failures preserves the original form and assonance in a faithful, vigorous and simple translation by C. K. Scott Moncrieff.

Devotions and *Death's Duel* by John Donne, with copious selections from Walton's *Life of Donne* (Ann Arbor, $1.65), deeply moving informal *ars moriendi* and consolation book, the latter in the form of "the Doctor's own funeral sermon."

An Outline of Russian Literature by Marc Slonim (Mentor, 75c). An excellent small-scale account, strong in showing interrelations with European culture though it entirely omits the part played by the West through Popes Nicholas I, Hadrian II and John VIII in the encouragement given Cyril and Methodius in their creation of the Russian alphabet.

ART

Fairfield Porter

THE LARGE exhibition of Cézanne at the Wildenstein Galleries (until December 5) contains many paintings never shown before in New York. The exhibition is for the benefit of the National Organization for Mentally Ill Children. The significance of Cézanne is something that the critics keep trying to explain: they repeat each other and their explanations overlap and insist, in the same way that Cézanne insisted on his contours. His parallel straight strokes overlap where they cluster around the contour, like too many adjectives modifying the wrong noun. Or there are gaps between the strokes where Cézanne ignored a passage that he was either sure of, or planned to attend to later. "The contour eludes me," he is supposed to have said. His repetitiveness is the stutter of inarticulateness. And except for a few famous remarks, he was also verbally inarticulate. The contour eluded him. As he went after it, and kept fixing it, it acquired greater and greater firmness and simplicity of shape.

His contemporaries who rejected him were repelled by his clumsiness. But it was also catching, so strong was the impression he made. Whistler, usually adroit and witty, was reduced by the sight of Cézanne's paintings to a kind of heavy, choked rage. He said, "If a child painted that picture, her mother, if she was a good mother, would slap the child." His contemporaries could not understand his deviation from Impressionism. Was this another revolution so soon after the Impressionist one? But Cézanne did not want to rebel, he wanted to belong to the Salon of Bouguereau. He is supposed to have said that he wanted to make out of Impressionism something as solid and enduring as the art of the museums. He adapted Impressionism in order to bring it back into line. The Impressionists were not interested in the contour. Pissarro, their most articulate spokesman, said it was the interior color and value that counted, not the edge. Cézanne insisted on the reality of things, which the Impressionists denied insofar as for them there existed only sensation. But Cézanne, who criticized the Impressionist exclusive reliance on the eye, its substitution for touch, had trouble with things; the Impressionists didn't.

CEZANNE classified the elements of art in an academic way into drawing, light, color, the object, the plan, character and style. He had a system for dealing with his nervousness. He was not open to the world; as an artist, it frightened him. People frightened him, they resisted him, he could not control them, he could not even get them to respond. Cézanne's people are treated like still-life objects, immobilized and abstracted. His apples have more instability, and they often look about to roll off the table. The leaves of his trees keep turning on the branches; they quiver in the still air like aspen leaves. Everything has motion, but contained, except only his people, unless they are the figures of art, like his bacchanalian lovers. Cézanne had a passion for fastening things down, a passion too neurotic to be called classical. The Classicists, who did not know that they were classical, believed in an ordered world, which they unconsciously expressed. Cézanne believed in the Church, because he was afraid of his own weakness. His weakness expressed itself in the opalescent quiver of his interior spaces, and his need for firmness expressed itself in the increasing simplicity of his shapes and in the clarity with which he contained everything inside contours, including that contour that is the edge of the whole canvas. At the same time everything also constantly escapes. The landscape of Mont Sainte-Victoire from the Philadelphia museum makes a revelation of the truism that earth and sky have different natures. But still the sky and earth so tightly and simply distinguished by their contour of separation, interpenetrate each other. The ground is airy and the sky stony, and both splintered like flint. The portrait with most human individuality is of Henri Gasquet, but this reality, which must have threatened so timid a man as Cézanne, is controlled by turning the sequence of the hat, the face culminating in a peak over the left temple, and the triangle of shirt front, into a sequence of geometrical shapes.

What is the appeal of Cézanne to us now, who no longer are unfavorably impressed by his real clumsiness? To us the stutter, the tentativeness, is itself charming. And it represents skill, the skill of combining a new understanding of uncertainty (the quiver of broken color and the elusive contour) with the insistent emotion of his contour lines. His formality fascinates us, the formality of violent feelings simplified in curves and straight lines to contain the uncertainty of what he knew, symbolized by the colors of nature. If certainty is not real, he will create it. Out of inarticulateness comes expression, and out of fear of contact comes his translation of tactility into a new visual language suggested by Impressionism. And as his

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forms are simplified, so is finally his color, which tended to become more and more a convention of orange and blue-green. All his broken color is still there, just as much as all his hesitation about the edge, but the edge that he hesitates over is a circle at last, and the many colors seem to have resolved into two. For color also eluded him. Finally, contour and texture contained most of his vision, and it was his contour and texture that the Cubists appropriated.

FILMS

Robert Hatch

MEASURED by the pain it inflicts and the damage it does, man's greatest sin is insensibility. And seen that way, *The 400 Blows* is the story of a promising youth beset by monstrous sinners. No one in this adult conspiracy is what we normally call wicked — they are merely dull, weak, indolent, impure, self-indulgent. But like mindless geese charging a lamb, they drive the boy until he can run no further (quite literally, for his feet are in the sea). Then the film freezes into a snapshot of his level-eyed, honest face and we are left to wonder what sort of man he will become.

The 400 Blows is the first picture by Francois Truffaut, who wrote, produced and directed it. Quite probably it is autobiographical, at least in broad content, for M. Truffaut was himself a juvenile delinquent. Later he became a movie critic so savage that he was banned from the Cannes Festival; he then married the daughter of the producer whose films he particularly excoriated, and at the age of twenty-seven made this picture in response to a dare from his father-in-law. It won the first prize for direction at Cannes.

All this background makes good chatter, and probably accounts in part for the ecstatic reception the film has received. Also, M. Truffaut is one of several very young men now making pictures in France; they are known as "the new wave" and their exploits aid one another.

I make these grudging remarks, paradoxically, because M. Truffaut is a powerfully gifted man. It is no favor to him to treat his first excellent venture as though it were a miraculous vision of beauty and truth, to say that he has achieved perfection at the first stroke — particularly when he has not.

The 400 Blows is no *Poil de Carotte*, nor yet a *Dangerous Games*. It is a work of splendid observation and it flows with the urgent but flexible visual pressure which occurs when the man in charge has a natural affinity for the camera. The limitation of the picture is that its powers of insight do not match the vividness of its surface record. Jean-Pierre Leaud, the fourteen-year-old star of the work, enacts with poignant accuracy the schemes and disasters of romantic boyhood. He is a joy to watch, for he moves with the neat grace of young strength and he has a generous, mobile and intelligent face. But his actions and expressions convey a generalized alertness and responsiveness; they are not made to define the depth or nature of his reactions to specific experience. He responds when he is vilified by his teacher, bamboozled by his parents, compressed by the corrective institution that takes him over. But what do such things mean to him in terms of his relations to himself and his stance toward the world? At the end, is he running away, or running ahead; is he beaten or tempered; will he sink or swim? M. Truffaut handles his young actor, he handles all his actors, with marvelous appreciation of the fine mesh of behavior. But I think he has not found the revealing devices that would open the heart of his story without breaking the admirably cool flow of its reporting. These people are hauntingly real, but they are seen closely from the outside. One broods about what they seem to be; the picture does not provide access beyond seeming to what they are.

LOUIS MALLE is another in "the new wave" of young French directors — on the evidence of *The Lovers*, M. Malle is about fourteen. He is preoccupied with the sensation of sex at the involuntary level, where satisfaction is the goal and the only relevant comment is clinical; he evades the consequences of sexual alliance, where competing responsibilities come into play and narrative becomes possible. It is very innocent to suppose that the way people make love is dramatically significant, and very youthful to believe that the fact they have done so makes a story.

Reduced to projections of a sexual revery, the principals of *The Lovers* are remote, stiff and objectively uninteresting. They too seem childlike, because men and women are never that free of their own pasts. To be more specific, when a woman walks out on a husband and child because a new acquaintance has roused and sated her, she pays some price for the change of alliance. If she pays no price, she is a moral idiot and unrewarding as a character of fiction.

It is no secret by now that *The Lovers* is visually erotic. Actually, there are two scenes of this sort, occupying in all perhaps three minutes of the film. One is in a bathtub, that classic rendezvous of adolescent dreams; the other, in a bed, is so photographed as to isolate the woman during her moments of transport. The effect is to make of sex a

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solitary diversion instead of a union — only the child mind falls into this egocentric distortion.

THE NEW *Ingmar Bergman import, Brink of Life,* is made from a script not supplied by the director himself. It lacks, therefore, the preoccupations with truth and fate that normally concern Bergman, and the brooding, often enigmatic, imagery with which he expresses them. What it retains is the intense, almost hypnotic, observation of people that makes his pictures literally shocking. Bergman sees into people with a power that is almost ruthless and one feels atavistically that his gifts are dangerous. A more openly superstitious age would, I think, have long since carried him off to the stake.

The story with which he works here might be called neatly ironic. It concerns three women brought together in a maternity ward: one, high-strung and intelligent, has miscarried and is obsessed by the notion that the child was not born because the husband did not want it; the second, a good, happy young wife, is looking forward to motherhood with simple, animal joy, but the baby is born dead; the third, a tough little defenseless girl, is waiting in bitter fear for the child she could not rid herself of by the usual backstairs nostrums. In the end, she learns the lesson of life from the sorrows of her comrades, and phones her mother for forgiveness and welcome home.

It is, as you see, a sadly sweet tale and plausible only at the level of romantic fiction. But the quality of the three women, as developed by Bergman, is something entirely different. They grow miraculously from the intensity of our insight into them; they become important by the very terms of their limitations; they make claims on us, not because they are very interesting, but because they are so very familiar. Members of one's own family — cousins known from childhood — make this sort of claim. It is always a responsibility to know a great deal about another human being, and Bergman again and again puts that burden on his audience.

A VERY promising bank robbery is foiled in *Odds Against Tomorrow* by the circumstances that one of the gunmen is a Negro and another a white supremicist. This circumstance also rather foils the picture. *Odds Against Tomorrow* is an independent production by Harry Belafonte and one could therefore predict that it would somehow deal with race relations. But Mr. Belafonte has chosen an awkward story for his purpose — crime adventure and social preachment do not mix. For one thing, the appeal to vicarious sadism and the call to social decency are so far apart that the spectator becomes emotionally befuddled. For another, there is something askew about deploring intolerance on the ground that it reduces the efficiency of armed robbery.

The virtue of the picture — in addition to a blood-stirring cast consisting of Mr. Belafonte, Robert Ryan, Ed Begley, Shelley Winters and Gloria Grahame (for a moment) — is the photography. The scenes were shot in New York and in a Hudson River town somewhere near Poughkeepsie during blustery November weather. The natural theatricality of the city and the river under the cold light of racing cloud banks has been brilliantly caught with no arch artiness. It is a background of almost percussive tension.

IT IS an excellent sign, I think, that the Germans can make such a picture as *Aren't We Wonderful?* (*Wir Wunderkinder*). It is a chronicle that treats the Nazis with biting scorn and the "good" Germans with no more than cold sympathy. There is no breast beating in it, but neither is there dodging of responsibility. The best it will say for Germany as a whole in the years when Hitler rose and fell is that it was careless of its fortunes and its honor; the picture ends on the clear warning that Nazis in the trappings of respectability and influence are still coloring German society.

The narrative is a simple enough story of two former schoolmates, representative as they mature of the extremes of German decency and depravity, whose lives converge at strategic moments in the years from 1918 to the near-present. The good boy is a somewhat colorless romantic type (the two girls in his life are lovely); his opposite is a chillingly vivid recreation of the low echelon S.S. bully. Perhaps the most brilliant passages in the picture are the scenes of the ménage this pederstrian thug sets up in the expropriated home of a Munich Jewish businessman. They swarm with relatives and hangers-on who mill about in an atmosphere of lechery, bad art, dishevelment and warm champagne.

This history of changing fortunes, which is, for all its stern purpose, a little mawkish, is framed in the convention of cafe satire. It is allegedly being shown, a movie within a movie, in a cafe theatre, and two comic singers periodically break the continuity with acrid comment from the pit. This sort of device does not translate very well — the entertainers seem almost studiously amateur to American eyes, and their patter has to be paraphrased by a voice in English (in this case an unhappily strangulated voice). These interruptions, plus the fact that the picture opens and closes with passages of expressionistic René Clair mockery that fit oddly onto the romantic main theme, give *Aren't We Wonderful?* an ill-carpentered look. But the picture grasps history with a resolution that would be admirable in any people and is astonishing in the Germans.

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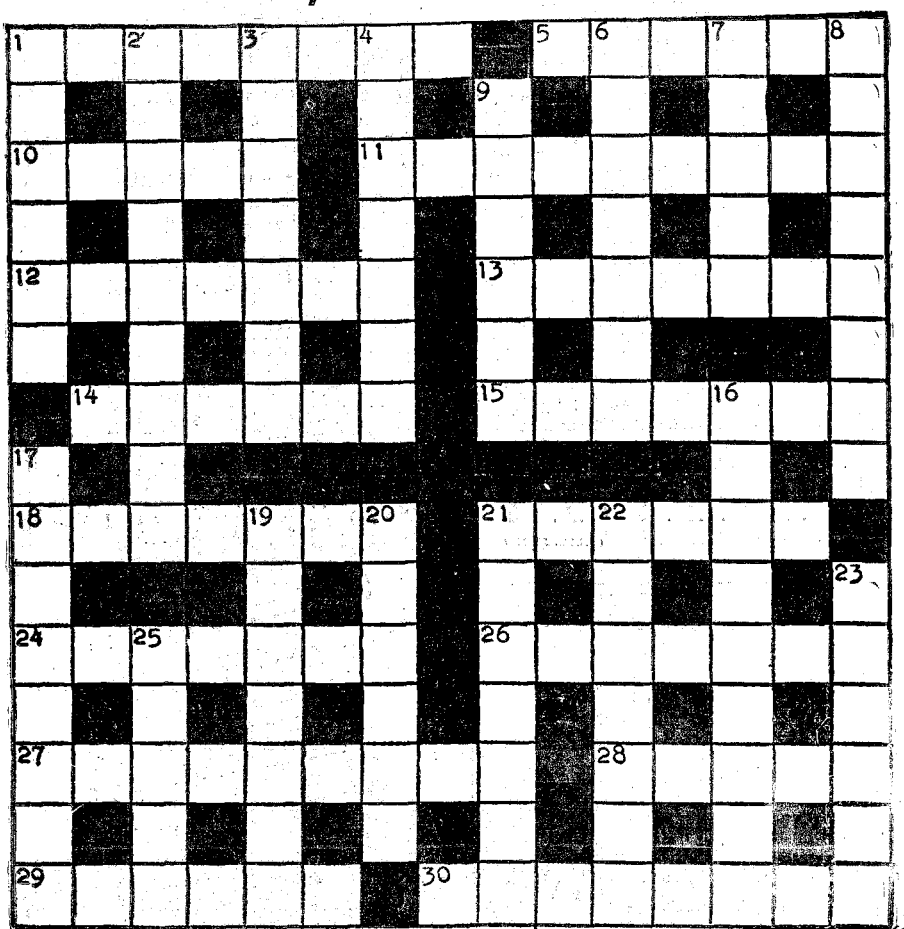
Crossword Puzzle No. 843

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 A small company politician gets nothing, and according to Fritz, is occupied by foreigners. (8)
5 Forms ties, like modest dwelling places. (6)
10 Just now, when this goes away!
11 Birds on board would hardly be slick chicks. (10)
12 Speaking well of nothing but the lowly mariner. (7)
13 Did this part of Germany appear soft to the Soviet? (7)
14 In a colloquially amusing manner with the tail of 3 down and the head of a lynx. (6)
15 Backyard helper or hauler? (7)
18 Bits and pieces of what the posse looks for. (7)
21 It afraid of birds, possibly? (7)
24 Chopped dates, or cooked? (7)
26 Bulb displaying the internal ratio of good judgment. (7)
27 College man dispatched to look back for the missing ones? (9)
28 To live around a little minister of note? (5)
29 A rough rider finishes more than one course. (6)
30 Put on the first and third in Hialeah! (8)

DOWN:

1 Somewhat younger than the motorman? (Has a rather large holding, however.) (6)
2 The supply of planes in the flight?
3 Macauley said Dryden's imagination resembled the wings of one. (7)
4 Flowers barely win out over a poet.
6 Disposed to add up a form of art?
7 It offers up fragrance, or the head of an upstanding knight. (5)
8 Supports the idea of making it Susan's. (8)
9 Lived out, like the politician of 1 across, surrounded by decomposed fish. (6)
16 Even solid men's state, eventually.
17 To make a mistake between the sailor and the worker would be deviating. (8)
19 A false note, even in the confused din, is recognizably chanted. (7)
20 To sum up, in foreign money it's a way to cause depression. (6)
21 Not quite direct quotes about the point of building. (7)
22 Some self doubts about capacity implied, with pleasant results. (7)
23 Gleans an impression of heavenly bodies, perhaps. (6)
25 Drink is found inside the passage.

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 842

ACROSS: 1 Not by a long shot; 9 Soaks up; 10 Globule; 11 Rifles; 14 Codfish; 15 Torch; 17 Seedy; 19 Widgeon; 23 Carmel; 25 Intense; 26 Bulldog; 27 Warrant officer.. DOWN: 1 and 12 No. strings attached; 2 Traffic; 3 Yesterday; 4 Laps; 5 Nightshade; 6 Stoma; 8 Head; 13 Midwestern; 15, 21 across and 7 down The Fall of the House of Usher; 16 Horologer; 18 Electra; 20 Nomadic; 21 Tail; 22 Owner; 24 Ebro.

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2nd printing!

Walter Winchell of New York

ROOSEVELT

I have now finished reading the report en-titled "The Shame of New York," written by Fred J. Cook and Gene Gleason, which consti-tuted the Oct. 31 issue of The Nation. I must say that I have never been more th... Sen. Lehman, Thomas Finletter an... to do a little to encourage the refo... in New York City at the last elec... that this report will bring us m... among New York's citizens. It... about the little boy who was alm... the police—is one of the most t... tales I have ever read.

I agree with The Nation in its ... Governor Rockefeller as well as ... self has considerable responsibilit... situation. New York City needs ... ing investigation. I suppose this ... cult for the Governor, for u... organization should also be inve... same situation can be found in ... can only say that we need men i... Party who have the courage to ... ...tion of themselves. I ... should not be ...

New York Melodrama: The Oct. 31st Nation has a shocking ...ort on the double murder in Staten Island about a year ago... victims were Dr. Melvin Nimer and his wife...Their 8-year-old ... Deany (according to the police) was "a prime suspect"...He i... ...in Utah with grandkin...The Nation reporters, Fred J. Cook ... Gene Gleason, astonish you with their thesis...That everything ... by the child has not been punctured; that every "fact" offered ... law has been...Yet, the authorities never publicly announced ... fact that the boy is innocent...The revelations appear in a ... ...ial issue titled: "The Shame of New York."

...staire and a cute blonde (not Barrie... ...ger Dick Roman at the Embers wit... "La Plume"...Piper Laurie and ... ...ner-circle) at LaZambra...Jan... ...at the C...

THE NATION

OCTOBER 31, 1959

SPECIAL ISSUE: 50c

THE SHAME OF NEW YORK

Fred J. Cook and Gene Gleason

By PETER KIHSS

fourteen-month-old mur-... a Staten Island mother ...her was aired again here ...y when The Nation, a ...agazine, said medical ...pported the innocence ...-year-old son. ... child, Melvin Dean ..., had told of a masked ...r trying to choke him ... A. M. Sept. 2, 1958, and ...ling his parents, Dr. and ...elvin A. Nimer, when ...shed to his rescue in ... Clifton home.

...d J. Cook and Gene ...son, the authors of a ...cial issue of the magazine, ...d the United States Publi... ...ealth Service Hospital ... ...tapleton, S. I., had reports ... ...r. William Smith, a st... ...physician, and another do... ...showing choke marks on ...oy's neck as late as six ... ...fter the slaying.

Knife Wound Described

...Notes by Dr. Norman ...ty chief of surgery, w... ...d on Mrs. Nimer, the ... ...the mother's ... ...en from ... ...he

...District Att... emphasized yes... boy was ne... charged with ...

The writers ... case among other examples in a ... sixty-four-page article in which ... they urged Governor Rockefel-ler to order a state investigation ... of New York City affairs.

...lo Business Area ... Oct. 25

By Marquis Childs

...ath the surface of this monstrous ...ng poverty, there is today a yeasty ... Nothing seems to get done abou... ...e streets choked with traffic, and ...blic mind.

...e of the discontent was the rejec-...0,000 bond issue for badly needed ...ive 'em more money to get fat ... angry reaction of many citizens. ...sm mounts both from the left ... "The Shame of New York" is the ...agazine, The Nation, put it in ... issue to graft, corruption, ...vernment—the city becomes a ...on for 1960 of the first im-...on a time another governor, ...oosevelt, sat in the State House ... as scandals festered in the city and he ... status. ... began to emerge as the champion of right... "If ne... ...tice. Kneally ... Those who are beginning to point ... tion wi... ...ary re... ...alogy bet... ...d Gova...

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